

PZ

3

F8294H

FT MEADE
GenColl





A HERO'S LAST DAYS,

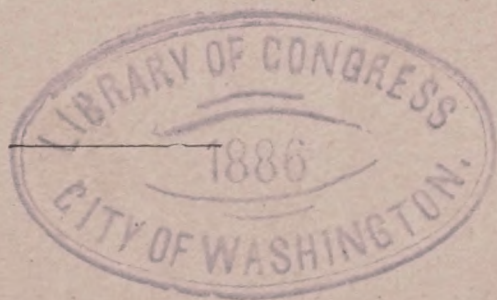
OR

NEPENTHE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SEQUENCE OF SONGS."

Miss Mary A. Fowler.

"Clarior e tenebris."



W. J. DUFFIE, COLUMBIA, SO. CA., PUBLISHER.

LONDON AGENTS, TRUBNER & CO.

1883.

PZ3

F8294H

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
HONORABLE ROBERT WOODWARD BARNWELL,
THIS BOOK IS REVERENTLY INSCRIBED.

A HERO'S LAST DAYS, OR NEPENTHE.

CHAPTER I.

"I am old and blind ;
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted by my kind."

[FROM A POEM ON MILTON'S BLINDNESS.]

IF one to whom there belonged, by birth-right, an inheritance of rulership over others may, in some sort, be styled a prince, then the second of the incongruities described in the saying "I have seen servants riding upon horses, and princes walking as servants on the earth," was, about the year 1870, as frequently witnessed in the Southern States of the Union as the first.

Upon a certain day in the early part of September, during that year, such a prince, in the person of a fine-looking young man, engaged in the humble occupation of waggoning, was traversing one of the loneliest of the mountain roads of western North Carolina.

This road had formerly been a considerable thoroughfare. It had been originally cut for the convenience of the families of gentlemen—most of whom were from the low-country of South Carolina—who were in the habit of passing the summers in the neighborhood; but this habit had been generally abandoned, and, at the time referred to, the enjoyment of the scenery was almost monopolized by John Langdon, the gentleman just introduced to the reader. He frequently had occasion to carry his “team” over that portion of the road which lay between his home in the Sechoolah valley and the mountain town of A——, whence all the necessaries of life, except those derived from a small farm, had to be procured. It was, therefore, with an interest attached to an unusual circumstance that he this day remarked, here and there, the fresh footprints of some one, the size and shape of whose boot argued him no common mountaineer. It crossed his mind that the unknown might prove to be an acquaintance; for it appeared more likely that one of the old frequenters of the neighborhood—all of whom he had known well—should return to look after an abandoned home, than that a stranger should take it into his head to visit an out-of-the-way valley. Accordingly,

he was desirous of overtaking the pedestrian, and, about the middle of the day, it appeared that his desire was to be gratified; for he caught sight of a gray-suited figure, standing out against the sky, on a height in front of him. Whoever he might be, this person evidently perceived the waggon at the same moment, and, to judge by his immediately seating himself upon a rock, determined to wait for it.

Something in the attitude suggested weariness, and the outline of the figure struck Langdon as familiar. He sprang into the waggon, by the side of which he had been walking, and, gathering up the reins, which had been fastened to the seat, began to urge his mules forward, as if to a wished-for meeting. His shouts, as he approached nearer, were answered rather faintly, and he only became certain of the identity of the traveller when he was close enough to recognize his features; but they were deadly pale.

“Good heavens! Godwyn!” he exclaimed.

“So it is you, Johnny!” was the answer. “Don’t be alarmed. I have had a chill; but it will pass off directly.” And, indeed, after he had been revived by the contents of a flask, produced from the waggon, the speaker recovered a more natural appearance, though a

painful change, since the time when they had last been together, was still apparent to John Langdon; yet his immediate anxiety about his friend's condition was partially relieved by his account of himself.

"I have only lately recovered from a severe illness," said he, "and have been recruiting myself with a walking tour. I took this route, remembering your old description of the beauties of the Sechoolah valley, and with some vague hopes of meeting you. Last night I heard that your father was still living in the neighborhood, and the thought of seeing him, if not you, made me come on to-day, when I ought, perhaps, to have rested. About an hour ago I felt this wretched chill creeping on me, and, I can tell you, was thankful enough to catch sight of this waggon just now, little as I dreamed you were in it. I was beginning to fear I could not hold out as far as Byrom's, the place I was told I could stop at. How far is that now?"

"A mile or two; but you are not to stop there. What you have to do now, is to let me help you at once into the waggon, for I don't believe you can manage to get in by yourself."

So saying, Langdon, after hastily making things as comfortable as the nature of the case

permitted, by putting a box or two out of the way, and spreading a huge great-coat over an arrangement of bags and parcels, for his friend to lie on, gave him the offered assistance, which turned out, in spite of Godwyn's protest, to be very necessary. He next placed his friend's satchel under his head, by way of a pillow, and disposed the wagon cover in such a fashion as to give him both air and shade.

"Jump in too then, if you will," he said to a beautiful setter, which was Godwyn's companion, and appeared unwilling to be separated from him at this crisis. "And now," added Langdon, addressing his friend, "just imagine that this is an ambulance, and that I am taking you to be nursed by a nice family in Virginia, with lots of pretty girls in it, as I did once before—you remember?"

"Where are you really going to take me?"

"Home, of course. You surely did not suppose I would let you pass us by? Have you forgotten we are cousins?" said Langdon, thinking to himself. "It was silly, my making that allusion to pretty girls, yet he can't be so ridiculous as to suppose it meant anything, though they are pretty, especially ——"

"The people I stopped with last night thought your father was living all the year round at

his old summer place," said Godwyn, interrupting this train of thought.

"So he is. I farm it. You have heard, I dare say, of his having lost his eye-sight during the last few years?" Godwyn nodded assent. "He has also fallen into poor health," Langdon went on. "The rest of the family, after my two brothers were killed, you know, were all girls except myself."

"One of your sisters was married to your cousin, Major Langdon, was she not?"

"Yes. He was killed at second Manassas. She is living with us. Another married Arthur Creighton—you remember him?—a doctor, a red-headed fellow. She lives in the low-country. But there are three more still, and, of course, I have had to manage for them all; which is very different from managing them, by the way," and Langdon smiled as he added, "the fact is, they all have me rather under hack than otherwise, you know the way of girls?"

"I know very little of womankind," said Godwyn, "except my mother, and I fancy she was unlike other women."

"Rather, I should hope," thought Langdon to himself. He had seen the lady in question, who was a distant relative, once or twice, and

remembered a stern, awe-inspiring countenance and manner, which he, then a boyish undergraduate, had not regarded with admiration.

He had the grace to feel ashamed of his reflection, and tried to put on a proper look of sympathy, when Godwyn added presently, "She died last winter."

"I—we never heard of it," was all Langdon could think of saying, hoping no more was necessary. He then suggested that his friend should now try to "sleep off the chill."

Godwyn assented. It appeared that his attack had taken a favorable turn; for he presently fell into a slumber so profound as not to be disturbed by such occasional jolts of the wagon as the utmost skill on the part of its driver could not prevent.

Now it is one of the doctrines of the mystics—with whose philosophy Alfred Godwyn was, at one time, much taken—that men pass through a series of spiritual deaths before they actually die. If this is true, it may not be unnatural to suppose that the outward man, in highly sensitive organisms, may, in some way, reflect such crises in the inner life. Since, too, the period of his thus meeting with his friend was destined to form a turning-point in this young man's existence, and, from the sleep into

which he had fallen, he was to wake to an entirely new set of personal interests, so that, during the three hours which it lasted, he might be said to have died to the past, and to his former self, if ever in his life he actually underwent one of those mystical deaths, he did so at this time. But, however it may be explained, certain it is that his body now, for a little while, seemed very strangely to put on, as it were, the figure of death—far more than is the case during an ordinary sleep.

His countenance was of a highly intellectual cast; its habitual expression was that of intense thoughtfulness, as if he were seeking after the clue to some problem. There now dawned upon it a look, as of satisfied repose in the attainment of that after which it had striven—a foreshadowing, perhaps, of the “first, last look,” one day to rest upon it. John Langdon was neither an imaginative person nor a deep observer; but, Godwyn’s countenance and figure being visible to him over the side of the waggon, he was struck with a sort of awe by the strangeness of his appearance and its still grandeur. Once, half impatient with himself for such fancifulness, he even stopped the course of his mules that he might assure himself that his friend was actually alive, by feeling his

pulse. It was so feeble—a peculiarity of his late illness, Godwyn afterwards explained, was that, at times, it was almost imperceptible—that it took some little while for Langdon to satisfy himself that it was actually beating; but it then began to go on regularly and more strongly. Langdon, convinced that it was only his own “nervousness” that had affected his judgment at first, felt half provoked both with himself, for having indulged such fears, and with Godwyn, who continued to sleep profoundly, for having unconsciously awakened them.

“However,” thought he, as it were excusing himself to himself, “there can be no doubt, he looks awfully. I believe he is six months younger than I am and that makes him—let me see—nearly twenty-seven; yet any one would take him for forty.”

In this he was mistaken; a discriminating observer would have seen that Godwyn’s attenuation, and the thinness of his close-cut hair, were signs of illness, not of age.

Langdon did not fail to note the whiteness of his wrists, and the way the gloves hung on his small hands; he made up his mind that his friend had never betaken himself to such manual labors as had fallen to his own share.

"It is almost a pity he did not. No doubt it was some kind of brain-work that brought him to this," was his conclusion. "He was just the sort of fellow to kill himself in that way, if he had half a chance. I declare, he looks more like Shakespeare's bust than he ever did."

Now "Shakespeare," from some fancied resemblance, had been Godwyn's *soubriquet* in the college course, where the acquaintance of these two had begun, of which this may be an appropriate place to give some account.

Their student life had been interrupted in 1861 by the outbreak of the war; for young men of their stamp naturally furnished the earliest class of volunteers in the Confederate service, in which the cavalry was their favorite branch. These two had—each with the rank of lieutenant—entered a regiment which was commanded by the father of Langdon, a gentleman who had long been prominent among South Carolina secessionists, and who afterwards acquired some military distinction, once declining a generalship.

Godwyn was only in active service one year. He was wounded in the first general engagement in which his regiment took part, by a shot in the jaw-bone, which was the cause of a defect in his utterance ever after, besides slightly

affecting the symmetry of his face. While recovering from this wound, in the house of the Virginia family to which his friend had alluded—for a wonder, considering the locality, his joke had had no foundation in fact, since there were no pretty girls in it—Godwyn was taken prisoner. He spent the rest of the years of the war in Fort Johnson, where John Langdon afterwards joined him for a time. Before that period, though cousins, they had not been specially intimate; but thirteen months incarceration together made them close friends. Finally Langdon, after a severe illness, during which Godwyn had also been in the hospital and allowed to assist in nursing him, was exchanged, along with a batch of prisoners, supposed to be disabled for life. When they parted, it was with a mutual feeling that they would always feel to each other as brothers; but correspondence had been difficult—at first almost impossible; and they had drifted almost entirely out of each other's knowledge until now.

When Godwyn awoke at last, declaring himself much better, he gave his friend some account of his life since they had parted. On his return from prison he had found his mother—his only near relative—living as a refugee in a small up-country village of South Carolina,

where he had been keeping a school ever since until her death, which had occurred nearly a year before. He had had a severe attack of fever, the previous summer, like that from which he had lately recovered; had given up school-keeping at that time, and had spent the winter before at the North, where he had, as Langdon knew, connections through his father, who had been a Marylander. He told him that he had inherited a small property from one of these, though hardly enough to live upon, and that it was his intention to look out, when well enough to work, for "something he was fit for"—explaining that to mean some kind of literary work; he had occasionally, he stated, contributed to newspapers and magazines, though it had not been a very profitable employment.

"The fact is," said he, "I represent the minority, the apparently weak side—in point of numerical support—on almost every subject on which it is possible to hold two opinions, and I still advocate the views which even our own people have decided 'don't pay,' and which certainly do not pay, as far as money is concerned."

John Langdon was no visionary; he was about to say:

“Why on earth not try your hand at some sort of work that does pay?” when, catching sight of the pale features, on which shone the light of an unconquered, unconquerable spirit, he was not so dull of soul as not to respond to it after his fashion.

“Well, old fellow, I believe you are bound to succeed in the end, at whatever you really set yourself!” was what he said.

“Succeed! What is success, Johnny? To accomplish what you undertake, or to have it acknowledged that you have done so? I try never to think about anything but whether I have the right on my side. I believe in the final recognition and triumph of Truth, though it may not be given me to share in it; meanwhile I have nailed her colors to my little mast, to float till it goes down.”

“But who can be certain? Suppose they turned out not to be her colors.”

“If ever I find that out, I will tear them down; till then, one must go by the light he has.”

“But meanwhile one must make enough to live.”

“I know it; indeed I am not altogether a fool, Johnny; all the same I mean to let the bread and butter question rest until my head is stronger to decide what I shall do.”

"Well; I am glad I fell in with you as I did," Langdon said. "The thing you have to do at present is to stay quietly with us till you are your own man again, and let me return a little of the nursing you gave me at Fort Johnson."

"Are you sure I shall not be in the way?"

"Look here: I will tell you exactly how things are with us, so that you need not be afraid. The house was built before the war—luckily for us now, it was a sort of hobby of my father's, who saw to everything about it himself—the seasoning of every bit of timber, and all arrangements. Of course they are in a style far beyond our present means, in most respects; and as for beds and that sort of thing, we have more than we can use. We have precious little money now-a-days coming in from what remains of our property below,—my father's plantation on the sea islands was confiscated, you know; still, I get from A—— all that is really necessary, which the farm, the woods and the river cannot supply, and, on the whole, we are wonderfully comfortable. My sister from the low-country paid us a visit, last year, and she says we live luxuriously, compared with the people who have gone back there. We are as lonely, almost, as the Swiss Family Robinson, and the chief objection to

our going on living as we do is, that it is a pity for the girls to be cut off, as they are, from all society,—even the little boys are getting old enough for it to be a disadvantage to them.”

“I thought you said there were no boys.”

“Oh! they are my nephews, my eldest sister’s children. I have been conducting their education on the old Persian plan, so far,—the riding being on mules instead of horses; and for a pair of seven-year-olds, I think they do me credit. Now my father is taking them in hand, to ding the declensions into their heads. It is well he does not dislike that occupation as much as I should. The fact is, his blindness cuts him off from almost everything else that he would feel to be of use, and it is an excellent thing for him. If it were only on his account, Godwyn—giving him a fresh person to talk with, about the things he is most interested in, we should all be particularly glad of a visit from you.”

“Thank you; I shall be glad of an opportunity of knowing him better,” said Godwyn, relieved from fears of finding himself *de trop* in a scene of poverty, and beginning to entertain pleasurable anticipations of what was before him.

“We are just now entering the Sechoolah

valley," said Langdon, soon after. "That"—and he indicated a picturesque little building, only half visible from the road—"is a chapel built by my father and his friends before the war; but no service has been held in it for several years."

"Do none of them live here now, then?"

"No; the rest of the broken-down aristocracy have *absquatulated* from these parts. We got stranded, as it were."

Two or three other buildings presently became visible. The houses were of unpainted wood; but from their size, numerous out-buildings, and other evidences of luxurious usages, had seemingly been built for wealthy persons, though now wearing a look of forlorn desolation.

As the wagon entered a pass where two precipitous banks only allowed enough space for a small stream to flow, which had, evidently, once been turned aside, but had now resumed its former bed, thus become the road, John Langdon got into the wagon, remarking that, though it was not visible, they were now within a hundred yards of his home, and yet the waggon would have to go nearly a third of a mile still, to reach it by the road.

"I always give warning from this point that

"I am coming," said he, taking a bugle from under the seat; "there is a fine echo here."

With that he blew a long blast, and then struck into a gay *reveille*, an old Confederate cavalry call, perfectly familiar to Godwyn, which was caught up and repeated over and over by the spirit-voices of the woods. Godwyn felt the gaiety of the air as a sort of mockery of sad associations; nor was his the only ear upon which the sounds fell jarringly. Langdon's father, the blind ex-colonel, caught them, as he sat by an open window in his house, where one of his daughters was reading to him. For one moment he gave an eager start; then a grave expression settled on his countenance; he fell into a deep revery, but was roused by the inquiry: "Shall I go on, papa? You know it will be some time still before Johnny gets here."

"Yes, little daughter," he said.

She whom he addressed was a stately young woman; but it had never seemed to occur to him that she had altered, in character or appearance, since he had last beheld her, nearly five years before. He treated her, in almost every respect, as still a child. She never dreamed of resenting this; but being his established reader, and living in complete in-

timâcy with his habits of thought, she simply accepted his views on this, as she did on all other subjects,—so much so, indeed, as to find it difficult to cheer him when he fell, as now, into fits of depression. She regretted her offer to read on; for, as it happened, she came to a passage of strange applicability to the train of painful thought which the notes of the *reveille* had awakened; yet, knowing the likelihood of his being acquainted with the context, she did not venture to skip the majestic lines:

“God of our fathers! what is man,
That Thou to him, with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temperest thy providence through his short course,
Not evenly, as Thou rul'st
The angelic orders and inferior creatures, mute,
Irrational and brute.

Nor do I name of common men the rout
That, wandering loose about,
Grow up and perish as the summer fly;
Heads without name, no more remembered,
But such as Thou hast solemnly adorned
To some great work, Thy glory
And people's safety, which, in part, they effect.
Yet towards these, thus dignified, Thou oft,
Amidst their height of morn,
Changest Thy countenance and Thy hand with no regard
To highest favors past
From Thee to them, or them to Thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'st them lower than Thou did'st exalt them
high,
Unseemly falls, in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission!
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived,
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of the ungrateful multitude.
If these they have 'scaped, perhaps in poverty,
With sickness and disease Thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deformed,
In crude old age,
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering,
The punishment of dissolute days; in fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end."

"The thing which is, is that which has already been!" said the blind man. "Yet," he added, raising his head, and speaking with emphasis, "let us not take Milton for our prophet altogether! How partial were the interpretations of providence of even his sublime mind, and how full of that presumption which was the error of his religious as well as his political creed! What are we, to dare to judge of such matters?"

CHAPTER II.

“Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear without heat, undying, tended by

Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit; locks not wide-dispersed,
Madonna-wise on either side her head;

Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude ”

[TENNYSON.]

The echoes of the horn had not yet died away when Godwyn perceived two little yellow-haired lads, exceedingly alike, and apparently about seven years old, climbing with what looked to an unaccustomed eye, dangerous rapidity, down one of the precipices at the side of the road.

“My little nephews,” said Langdon. “I always let them ride home postilion-fashion from this point when I am coming home from A—.”

“They seem in a hurry. Won’t they come to grief?”

“Not they—they are as sure-footed as a pair of little goats,” observed Langdon, with evident pride in their agility.

The little fellows hung back for a moment at the bottom of the declivity, noticing the presence of a stranger, but at their uncle's bidding, approached through the stream, not being encumbered with shoes—as it is indeed unusual for boys of their age to be during the summer in the Carolinas—and were introduced by Langdon as Tom and Ted; whereupon, after reaching up the side of the wagon to shake hands, and replying “All right” to John Langdon's enquiries as to how everything had gone during his absence, each scrambled, without more words, to the back of that mule which he regarded as belonging peculiarly to himself.

“There come the little girls. They think it very hard they are not allowed to climb down the banks too,” observed Langdon. “Look! they have made a note of you, and are disputing whether to come on or not.”

The smaller of the two new little personages who were to be seen approaching when Godwyn's attention was thus called to them, apparently took the decision of this discussion upon herself, and, after a short pause, came on first, bounding along the narrow path with a free, agile grace, beautiful to behold; the other one followed more slowly. They were dressed in

simple cotton print frocks, and their faces were almost hidden by those old-fashioned sun-bonnets, yclept *crackers*, but the make of these, and indeed of all the apparel of both the boys and girls, showed in some undefined way, in spite of coarse materials, that the little wearers belonged to the gentle class; indeed this fact was unmistakable in the bearing of all four, in spite of the awkwardness of the little boys.

From that defect, the behavior of the little ladies was quite free; their thorough-bred composure, the slight, courteous bows to the stranger, followed by clear-voiced how-do-you-dos to their brother, and easy acceptance of his little-needed assistance in getting into the wagon, were almost amusing, in the complete self-possession they displayed—the more so, as the younger gave the cue to each action, as the natural leader. Langdon, whose brotherly instincts were half-delighted, half-provoked, at this exhibition of precocious ease, did not take the same pains as in the case of the boys, and left them to introduce themselves to his friend.

They speedily divested their heads of the sun-bonnets, thereby displaying two most charming faces, shaded by the softest of curling locks. The elder one resembled her brother in having squarely formed features,

fair hair and grey eyes, rather sleepy-looking in general, but occasionally twinkling with an expression of shrewdness. The other had a unique, captivating style of beauty; her hair was almost black, yet her complexion might have been termed snowy; deep blue eyes, an intellectual brow, and a tender, variable little mouth, made up, altogether, the most bewitching countenance, Godwyn thought, he had ever beheld. There was something strangely familiar to him in it, too. Suddenly there flashed across his mind the image of a little sister of his own, lost in early childhood, and he inwardly accounted to himself for the resemblance by the distant relationship which existed between the families.

The remembrance increased the extraordinary attraction he felt for the child. He was literally tongue-tied by an over-anxiety to please, until she took it upon herself to break the silence by informing him that it was their custom always to "surprise Johnny" by meeting him in this way on his return from A——.

Langdon observed that this practice of theirs had long ceased to be a "surprise" to him or, he believed, to the mules either, and he doubted if it had ever been an agreeable one to those animals.

"Then they are horrid creatures, and very ungrateful; for we are always giving them apples," said she, with the air of a small princess, and she changed the subject by asking the name of Godwyn's dog, at the same time making fearless advances towards acquaintance with that graceful creature by patting its head.

Upon Godwyn's answering that it was called "Belpheobe," she remarked that that was what papa called Isabel sometimes, and sometimes he called Amy—and she indicated her sister—"Amoret;" but she was of opinion that Una, which was her own real name, and not a nickname at all, was the nicest of all the ladies in the "Faery Queen."

"Come, Una, you had better not pretend to have read it all," said her brother, while Godwyn was smiling at the little sprite's cleverness in thus acquainting him with their names, since Johnny had not done so.

"She has read a good deal of it to papa," observed her sister, as if in defence.

"So neither of you is the one called Isabel?" said Godwyn, adding, as he looked at Langdon, "I remember your mentioning that one of your little sisters very often, when we were in prison."

While Langdon was muttering something about daring to say he was rather "spoony"

about his homesickness at that time, Una exclaimed: "Oh! but you can't call her by her name; she is ever so old."

"Isabel is not really so old," put in Amy, repressively.

"She is nearly nineteen; I heard her say so myself," persisted the child; "and I have no doubt she is the one Johnny talked about, for he likes her ever so much better than he does Virginia, or ever Annie; I believe it is because she is the prettiest of all."

"You seem determined to let Godwyn into the family secrets," said her brother; "you had better tell him now that you think you look exactly like her."

"Una knows very well she doesn't; no one can," observed Amy in the most decided manner, as if the mere suggestion of the resemblance would be hurtful to Una; Godwyn instantly concluded that it was very strong and was inspired with curiosity to see this recognized family beauty and with a conviction of his probable fate, in case she really was another specimen of the lovely type, which had already such peculiar and tender hold upon his heart.

"Is this the Mr. Godwyn then, who used to be with you in prison, Johnny?" cried the little witch, Una, suddenly turning the subject;

“then we must be cousins, and I dare say Isabel won't mind about his calling her Miss Langdon. And what shall we call you?”—with a killing glance.

“Alfred, if you please,” said he, completely subjugated.

During the remainder of the way the two kept up a promising small flirtation; but the conversation was not monopolized by them, for the tongues of the little boys became unloosed, as it occurred to them to relate to their uncle an encounter of theirs with a large snake, the day before. A certain “Jake”—apparently a farm hand—had indeed assisted in the killing of it, but had played, according to their account, a very secondary part to themselves. After that subject had been exhausted, others suggested themselves, and a chorus of small communications and appeals was kept up the rest of the way, which was accomplished rather slowly, for it was up-hill work; the mules were no longer fresh, and their master, perceiving Godwyn's amused interest in the children's talk, was at no pains to hasten their course.

They passed through a large gate into extensive ornamental grounds, evidently little attended to now, but still beautiful from the variety of shrubbery they contained. At

length they reached the front of a large wooden house, which bore some resemblance to the toy models of Swiss cottages. Waiting in the steep-roofed porch, attended by an old negro man, stood a lady, easily to be identified as the mother of the little boys. The young widow's countenance also bore a resemblance to that of her brother and to the elder of the little girls; it was expressive of a nature in repose, perhaps naturally lacking in variety. She showed no surprise at Godwyn's presence, though she could not have been aware, until she saw him, that any one was with her brother.

"Annie, this is Alfred Godwyn," he said.

"Who was so good to you in prison? We shall be glad to have an opportunity of knowing you better," she said, turning cordially towards Godwyn.

She shook hands with him on his alighting, without further explanations. It was easy to see where the little sisters had caught their ease of manner.

"I shall have to go round to the back door to unload," said Langdon. "Suppose you take Godwyn into the house," then, addressing the servant, "I say, let him have something to eat at once, Scipio. He must be exhausted. He has been ill lately."

“Certainly, Mas Johnny, directly,” answered the old man, evidently an old family servant. “Shall I take him right to your room, sah?”

“Yes; that will be best, until another can be got ready for him.”

The old man, accordingly, was given Godwyn's bag, and preceded him into a large, furnished hall, evidently used as a dining-room, the most noticeable peculiarity of which was that, instead of being ceiled, it was opened, through two stories, up to the top of the house, and lighted, except for one stained glass window over the door by which they had entered, from a cupola. Another feature was a small gallery, supported on pillars set about four feet from the wall, around three sides of the hall; it was entered by a winding stair on one corner, and formed the means of communication between the upper and lower stories of the house. There was an enormous fire-place, decorated with tiles, and a fine picture of two stags over it.

It appeared that all the rooms in the house must open into this hall, either directly or through the gallery.

The old man was inclined to be garrulous; evidently wishing to keep up the credit of the family he observed, as he ushered Godwyn into

one on the ground floor, that "Massa was 'bliged to have a room with no stairs, now, and Mas Johnny one next him, so they had given up the hall which used to be for billiards to be a dining-room." He went on to inform him that he knew quite well who he was, having known his mother, whom he correctly named as Miss Henrietta, before her marriage. A recollection of "Mas Johnny's" order, that his guest should have something to eat, cut short his gossip.

Godwyn's bag was too small for him to be able to make much change in his toilet, which did not, consequently, detain him long. Returning to the hall within ten minutes, at the knock of the old man upon his door, he was surprised to find a delicately cooked and served meal awaiting him there. The old man waited upon him with the skill of thorough training, while Mrs. Langdon sat at one corner of the table and conversed with him.

"We had dinner all ready, waiting for Johnny, and I have only given you part of it, as he is not ready for his," she assured him. He regretted the trouble he must have caused.

She appeared distressed at his want of appetite, although Godwyn assured her, with truth,

that he was eating more than he had done for some days.

"It is not what I am accustomed to see Johnny eat," said she. "He has a regular hunter's appetite."

"Are all these his trophies?" asked Godwyn, looking at the pillars, which were all adorned with one or more pairs of deer horns.

"O, no; some are my father's, who used to be a great hunter, and some are due to others—friends or cousins, some of them—who used to come up for the hunting season before the war."

She paused; there may have been reminiscences connected with the spoils of the hunt, which could not bear being touched on. Presently she began again: "More are Johnny's than belong to any one else, of course; you see he has spent four winters up here. See, those are all his—" and she indicated one corner of the hall. "Yes, the bears' skins, too."

"He has had grand opportunities."

"Yes; luckily for us, he is a splendid shot. You can imagine it helps our housekeeping not a little. It makes up a good deal to him, too, for the dreariness he would otherwise feel in the winters."

"It must be dreary for ladies."

“This hall is never dreary,” said she; “fire is kept up in it all the time, and it makes the whole house pleasant. Then there is always plenty to do, and the children keep the house cheerful.”

“This house appears ingeniously arranged. Is it after a foreign model?” he asked

“Somewhat. We call it the Chalet.”

“I suppose it is well adapted to the climate?”

“Yes. You must get my father to tell you how he built it. If you have finished your coffee, and I cannot get you to take anything more, suppose I take you to see him now.”

“I shall be glad.”

They rose from the table, and he followed her into a fine library, at one end of which, with the waning light falling with beautiful effect upon locks which had changed from black to white in the interval since Godwyn had seen him, sat his old colonel. Godwyn instantly divined the maidenly form which stood beside him to be that of Isabel. He perceived a strong likeness to little Una, in coloring and the shape of her features; “prettier,” Isabel could not correctly be said to be; lovelier, was the word to be used. There was a dignity, a repose, a deep thoughtfulness about

her countenance which her little sister's would never attain to, thought Godwyn, instantly, in his own mind, confirming Amy's *dicta*.

Colonel Langdon rose to his feet as his eldest daughter approached him, telling him whom she had brought with her. His eyes showed no sign of blindness, except by a certain fixed expression; his figure was majestic; Godwyn was struck by his resemblance to that melancholy but most impressive of the portraits of Calhoun—the one taken just before his death. He held out his hand to Godwyn, and expressed his gratification at meeting him again, in a slow, measured sort of way, peculiar to him on some occasions. The consciousness of his misfortune was evidently forced on him by this meeting, though he did not allude to it. The minds of all present were, indeed, occupied with the same thing, to the exclusion of other thoughts, for the moment; and this was doubtless the reason that neither he nor his eldest daughter remembered to introduce Mr. Godwyn to Isabel, who, perceiving that he was looking at her in some embarrassment, as her father paused for a moment in his welcome, silently stretched out her hand to him.

“I thank you, Miss Langdon—is it not?”

said he, catching himself stammering, as we have said he was apt to do.

She bowed, indicating that he was not to interrupt her father, who had not perceived this greeting, and was beginning some inquiries. In answer to them, Godwyn informed him of the circumstances which had led to his meeting with his son that day upon the road, and afterwards gave him pretty much the same account of the years which had passed since the war as he had then given to John Langdon.

After a few more common-places, the blind man observed that, cut off, as they were, from the mails, they had had no news for three weeks of the Franco-Prussian war, then in progress, and so dropped immediately into a conversation with his guest upon that topic, during which the ladies took the opportunity of withdrawing—perhaps with a view to arrangements for Godwyn's accommodation.

Besides his occasional stammer, Godwyn's manner was often diffident; yet this did not altogether hinder a power of compelling attention, and a sort of conciliating charm he possessed. Colonel Langdon was soon deeply interested in the subject they were discussing, and began to display the conversational powers for which he had been celebrated in his day.

There was no essential difference of opinion upon the subjects involved in the war in question; both being, as was generally the case with ex-Confederates when that war began, inclined to sympathize strongly with the French and their emperor, whose cause had not yet been separated from that of the French nation. Godwyn had the news of his capture to communicate; Colonel Langdon made predictions of its results, many of which were afterwards fulfilled; yet, as it is believed many other thoughtful men did the same at the time, no special gift of prescience can be claimed for him in so doing.

Except in regard to the latest telegraphic news, it turned out that he was much better informed than Godwyn upon the whole matter, the late illness of the latter having interfered with his reading the newspapers. He was astonished at the knowledge of details displayed by his host, who explained it by a casual observation on the kindness of various friends and relatives in supplying him with magazines, papers and new books.

His statement was corroborated directly after by one of his little grandsons bringing in the very large mail, which had come from A—— in the wagon.

"When I was a richer man," observed the Colonel, "I did not feel that I could afford to indulge in the same amount of current literature that I am now supplied with minus expense, by the thoughtfulness of others. We are so well catered for in new novels that I believe my girls are as well 'up' in Phineas Finn, Lothair, and the rest of them, as the most advanced damsels of the period. I believe they could stand a pretty good examination in them, much better, I fear, than in English history."

Godwyn said he had only heard the names of Messrs. Finn and Lothair—then recent publications.

"Amy or Isabel will look them up for you with the greatest pleasure, no doubt," said Colonel Langdon. "In our present situation, they are cut off from opportunities for gossip, except over the affairs of such imaginary persons. You will be amused, I dare say, at the interest with which they are discussed sometimes. However, it ill becomes me to ridicule an amusement I share, to a certain extent."

In fact, as Godwyn afterwards discovered, he took a keen interest in novels, of which he was an amusing critic.

Godwyn remarked upon his good fortune in

having saved his library—an exception to the case of most of the gentlemen from his section.

“I am disposed to call it one of the most visible providences connected with my life,” was the answer, made almost solemnly; and an account was given of some seemingly accidental circumstances that had preserved the contents of his library, when several other flat-loads of articles had been sunk as they were being removed from his sea island plantation during the war.

It was growing dark. Presently, the door was thrown open, and light streamed in from the hall, while one of the children came to suggest that they had better come in to tea. They accordingly adjourned to the hall, where the rest of the family were all assembled. The cold nightfall peculiar to the climate was sufficiently advanced for the fire, which had been kindled there, to be found cheering. Mrs. Langdon was dispensing cups of tea from a large urn, while Isabel called up to Godwyn's mind the pretty picture of Kaulbach's, representing Charlotte giving the children bread and butter. He sat, a silent, but not uninterested listener to their chatter.

When the meal was over, there was a sudden

appearance of dusky forms, which seated themselves upon a bench, near the door. Then that hush occurred in the children's talks, which, in homes where the old custom of family prayer is kept up, shows that the time for it has arrived. After all present had joined in Bishop Keen's old hymn—one clear voice, Isabel's, soaring above the rest—Colonel Langdon, standing, while they all knelt, himself pronounced the prayer, consisting of several collects, ended by the Lord's prayer.

Godwyn was more moved than might have been the case if he had not been totally unaccustomed to observances of this kind. There was something in his whole reception that recalled to his mind the simple account of Christian's arrival at the House Beautiful, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a book he had lighted on in childhood and knew almost by heart.

“‘And they lead him to a chamber that was called Peace,’” said he to himself, when John Langdon, soon after, showed him to a room, entered from the gallery; for his looks had made it evident to his hosts that he was by this time in need of rest, and he could not deny that he was feeling some return of this morning's exhaustion.

Upon returning to the hall afterwards, John

Langdon gave his father and sister a more particular account of their meeting in the morning than they had yet received, and expressed much anxiety about the state of his friend's health.

"It seems he had a typhoid fever," said he; "and I fear he may be going to have a relapse."

"I hope we have got hold of him in time to save that," said his father; "it was most fortunate, your meeting him as you did. If any illness is coming on, it would have been almost sure to end fatally if he had had no better accommodation or nursing than he could have had within ten miles of this place. Poor Henrietta Beverly! to think that her only son is so poor and unfriended as he seems to be!"

"She was quite an heiress, was she not, sir?"

"Yes; she had an unfortunate life. I think there is no doubt that that man, Godwyn, married her for her prospects. When I remember her, she was a fine, handsome girl,—but I never saw her after her marriage."

"Her husband was a Marylander?"

"Yes; she met him when she was at the Virginia Springs with her father. After they were married, the old gentleman set them up with a plantation and negroes; but Godwyn could not stand that sort of life, and afterwards,

I believe, old Mr. Beverly allowed them so much a year, and they lived about at the North. They were separated once or twice, and I believe they lost a great many children."

"I remember his saying once that a good deal of his childhood had been spent in Northern cities."

"I dare say. She returned to the South after her husband's death—which occurred about the same time as her father's, I think. There was a good deal of property still, in land and negroes,—though it had rather gone to ruin during the old gentleman's last years; but I heard that all that could be made went to pay off the interest on the debts that fellow Godwyn left. She lived alone with this boy on the plantation, as economically as she could, for several years. I believe she never went anywhere but to church."

"She came to see Godwyn once, when we were in college," said John Langdon; "and I saw her at that time."

"That was the time she sent Isabel that beautiful locket with the pearls set in it," said Mrs. Langdon.

"What locket? I did not know of it," said her father.

"I had forgotten it too," said her brother;

“but I begin to recollect how it was. She asked me questions about all the family and wanted to see all their pictures and seemed particularly taken with one I had of Isabel, who was quite a little thing then.”

“She could not have been more than eight years old,” observed her sister. “So that was the way she came to send it to her. It is evidently some sort of relie. What are the initials on it, Isabel?”

“I. L. G.,” answered Isabel.

“Are you sure not I. L. B.?” said her father. “Old Mrs. Beverly’s mother was Isabel Langdon, and it may have been hers; or it may have been a gift of his to some child of poor Henrietta’s.”

“No doubt it was; and it was very sweet of her to send it to Isabel,” said Mrs. Langdon.

“The note that came with it was a little queer I remember thinking. She must have been a strange person!”

“She was,” said John; “but Godwyn always seemed devoted to her.”

“He is a fine young fellow,” said Colonel Langdon; “I never met one with more pleasing, modest manners; and things he said this afternoon convinced me that he is high-toned, and right-thinking, if a little fine-spun in his theories.”

CHAPTER III.

“ I have walked awake with truth.

Oh, when did a morning shine

So rich in atonement as this for my dark dawn-
ing youth,

Darkened watching a mother decline,

With that dead man at her heart and mine :

For who was left to watch her but I ?

Yet so did I let my freshness die.”

[TENNYSON.]

ONE of Alfred Godwyn's characteristics was a remarkable power of recuperation from the sufferings to which an over-sensitive temperament exposed him, an extraordinary buoyancy of both physical and mental constitution. His existence, up to the time when he was introduced to the reader, had been chiefly passed in struggles against adverse circumstances of one kind or another. First, through a delicate childhood, there had been a battle for life itself; and, since he had grown to manhood, intellectual obstacles had been piled in the path he had been fain to tread.

Many things had contributed to sadden his childhood; among the worst were the displays he had been forced to witness of the degrada-

tion of his father, in occasional fits of intoxication; yet even more bitter in remembrance, were the evidences of her misery, which had sometimes showed through the self-contained demeanor of his mother, a high-strung woman, of considerable force of character, who had concentrated upon him, the only survivor of several children, the passionate, yet severe tenderness of a deep nature that disappointment had rendered stern. Owing even more to the impress of her character than to her method of training the singularly susceptible spirit which had fallen into her hands, the sublime idea of duty had persuaded her son's very being from earlier than he could remember, and had stayed his hands, more than once, from the act of suicide, to which he had been tempted when, in dumb, childish agonies of spirit, the affectionate boy would sometimes roll over and over upon the floor of his solitary chamber, in impotent emotion, upon such occasions as have been referred to.

The years which he had afterward spent, as Colonel Langdon had related, on the lonely plantation with his mother, had been more peaceful; and at college life had seemed about to open more brightly for the young man, who had been in full enjoyment of successes there,

and looking forward to honors, when the war broke out to change the current of his ambitions.

He threw his heart and soul into the Southern cause. His mother's ancestors had been distinguished in the history of South Carolina, and she, with all the traditional sentiments of a daughter of that State, had nursed the feeling of patriotism in his heart almost as sedulously as she had instilled into it her somewhat stern, religious creed. He believed in the success of the Confederacy almost as in the truth of Christianity.

His year of soldiering, no doubt, strengthened his constitution, and he owed to it a much finer physical development than he might have attained to, had his college course been continued. He had not had time to weary of the mode of life, when he was taken prisoner, as has been related.

Through his prison experiences he was supported by a high, unshaken faith; but this principle was, if not completely destroyed in him, yet deprived of power to sustain his spirit, for a time, by the result of the war, so utterly confounding to his confident anticipations. His mother's old ascendancy, even if he had not outgrown it, could no longer be

exercised, as she had become a constantly suffering invalid. The history of his inner life since then, had been that of a deeply earnest, isolated youthful spirit, forced to admit that certain conclusions it had been in the habit of drawing from the principles in which it had been educated, were false, and tempted therefore to doubt the truth of the principles themselves. His mind was of an intensely religious cast, and the flippant, irreverent form of scepticism presented in much of the literature of the day, was shocking to him. He felt it a necessity to make such thorough and faithful investigation into the foundations of all belief, as lay in his power, and had accordingly done so, through passages of gloom, such as they must tread who have to venture upon such investigations alone. It had resulted finally in the satisfaction and repose of a confirmed faith, not substantially differing from what he had formerly held, yet modified in certain points, and more elaborate and distinct in regard to others. Those which referred to the ordering of the course of the world, on which his difficulties had at first arisen, naturally assumed a certain prominence in the new superstructure of convictions which he had gradually reared for himself. What the chief

articles of that creed were, and how he had arrived at them, it will fall within the scope of this work to indicate ; at present, it may suffice to observe that, if he had been asked to name the fundamental distinctive of his faith, he would have answered: " I believe in God, the Over-Ruler."

His thoughts had been drawn, at times, towards the adoption of each of the learned professions in turn ; but the means for the necessary, special course of study had, until now, been out of his reach, and it had now become evident to him, that he had had no particular leaning towards any profession, but had been attracted towards each by the philosophic, as distinguished from the practical side. He had also a turn for mechanical contrivances, and perhaps an unusual faculty for mathematics ; though his strongest bent was towards literary composition, in which his efforts, heretofore, had directed themselves into several curiously incongruous directions—as it might be thought. He imagined he saw in the literary calling, more than any other, a mode by which he might yet realize old dreams of offering his life upon the altars of the State. He thought there was a special need in the South, just now, for one or two, at least, to solemnly devote

their lives to her vindication, to the record of her past, to the truthful portrayal of her social aspects and of the heroic and simple characters, which were the best arguments in favour of her maligned institutions of the past, the remembrance of which might cheer sinking hearts amid the wrecks of the present, and re-awaken aspiration for the future.

Just as he was beginning to feel his powers maturing for the tasks he proposed to himself, had come, within intervals of not quite one year, the two attacks of fever, of which he had spoken to John Langdon. It seemed still hanging in doubt whether all his fond dreams of being of service to his generation were not to end in an early grave. In the despondency of extreme weariness, on the morning before his meeting with his friend upon the road in the manner related, he had made sure of a relapse and had said to himself that it would probably end fatally, without a wish that it should be otherwise, or rather with a strong wish that it might be so.

"Accept, O God," he had prayed, "the sacrifice of my life, and let it count with Thee for whatever it would have been worth if I had lived, in behalf of what Thou knowest I have most at heart!"

With that had come a feeling of the deep contrariness of fate, which rendered it unlikely that his life would be taken just when he wished to be rid of it—then had come a sense of the inherent worthlessness of the sacrifice of an unvalued life, and of contrition for the impatience which had partly prompted his prayers. Activity of the brain was a usual accompaniment of feverishness with him ; and the mood in which he had found himself, had presently been given almost impromptu expression in the following verses, the rhythm of which had seemed to beat itself out in time to the throbs of his head :

What time before the morning
The pale stars fled away,
And faint-tinged clouds betokened
The dawn's still distant sway,
There stood a youthful warrior ;
Impatient for the fray,
He cried : " Slow, wearing hours,
Bring on, bring on the day !
Bring on the day to crown or end my life !
Bring on the clash of arms, the glorious strife ! "
But, while we murmur at her slow delays,
Nature her placid dawn nor hastes nor stays.

What time with fading splendour
Slow waned the evening light,
Again he prayed, that warrior,
Defeated in the fight ;

The wounded and the dying
Lay round him, left and right ;
He cried : " Slow-moving hours,
Bring on, bring on the night !
Bring on the darkness, bring sleep's golden balm !
Bring on the blessed silence and the calm ! "
But, while we murmur at her slow delays,
Nature her holy calm nor hastes nor stays

But the point at which his friend overtook him, was, as has been said, to mark a turn in the tide of his life.

The angels of life and death were perhaps disputing over him at this time. " Give him over to me ; it is time that he should have rest," said the one : " No ; for I have much to teach him yet, and there is much for him to do," said the other. Then, it may be, came a third being,—his eyes being blind-folded, while he bore the traditional bow and arrows,—who demanded : " Give him over to my charge for awhile ! "

But the unfavorable powers which seemed to have had control over his fate thus far, were slow and reluctant in loosing their hold, and leaving him to the more kindly influences which were now to be permitted to have a share in his development.

The night of his arrival at the Châlet was a restless and miserable one for him. As had hap-

pened once or twice at other crises in his life, he was visited by strange dreams, that afterwards seemed to him almost like prophetic visions; yet they were scarcely more than embodiments of the unshaped wishes that had passed through his mind during the course of the previous evening and of this tormented night.

In one of these, a reminiscence of the air which John Langdon had played on the bugle, may have recalled his experience as a Confederate soldier; for he seemed to be again going over the last charge upon his only battlefield. Presently he was conscious that the battle was over, and had ended in defeat; it seemed that he was left standing alone, with a flag that he was still guarding; but soon his old Colonel, bowed, aged and broken, as he had seen him the day before, approached and demanded it of him, telling him: "It is for my winding sheet; but take this for yourself instead," and with that he seemed to hand him some sort of jewel, and he awoke, vaguely grasping at it.

In a second dream, he revisited his mother's old plantation, where the happiest part of his life had been spent. He thought he was pacing in the twilight, as he had often done, up and down the long piazza, while, through an open

window, the strains of an organ, which his mother had constantly played upon, were borne to his ear. In such a fashion his thoughts had often, in old days, set themselves to rhythms adapted to the solemn measures she was apt to prefer. Suddenly the music ceased; a confused perception of her death came over him. "She will make no more music for me," he was saying to himself, when the sounds began again. He thought he ran to the window, strangely thrilled, expecting to behold her again; but he perceived that it was not she who was seated at the organ, but the beautiful, young woman he had seen for the first time the day before; yet it seemed as if his mother was standing in the shadow, near by her, quite unconscious of his presence, but regarding her with a look of affection in her eyes, such as he had never seen her give any one but himself.

John Langdon, coming to his room the next morning at breakfast time, found him in a low fever, accompanied by extreme prostration, which continued for several days. There was also a tendency to mental excitement, at times amounting to semi-delirium, which caused much anxiety.

Colonel Langdon—as was frequently the case with planters of the old régime—possessed con-

siderable practical knowledge of medicine, and treated the case to the best of his ability. No doubt, it was a source of satisfaction to him to feel himself of real use. He passed hours by the bedside of the patient, with a bell at hand, to call assistance if necessary. Naturally, he became deeply interested in his protégé, who talked incessantly,—not at all in a rambling manner, most of the time. He grew in this way more familiar with the natural working of his mind than might have been the case in a long, ordinary acquaintance. He thought he detected in the young man faculties for subtle thought and reasoning beyond what is common; also he was surprised at the resources of his memory. Godwyn appeared, for the greater part of the time, unconscious of the presence of a listener, and, being evidently in the habit of reciting aloud to himself, used to repeat long extracts from Horace, from the drama of Philip Van Artevelde, and from Wordsworth; also, at one time, he recited the whole of the *Lied von der Glocke*. He was afterwards oblivious of these feats of memory and, when informed of them, said that, although he had memorized the whole of the passages referred to, he could not have recalled them perfectly, in health.

But it was in his reveries and numerous improvisations that the cast of his mind, his ambitions and secret springs of action, were best laid open to Colonel Langdon, who felt, in listening to his unconscious, self-revelations, as if he were intruding into his confidence in an unwarrantable manner. It might be that some of the projects of which he thus obtained glimpses, were founded upon an over-estimate by Godwyn of his own powers; yet Colonel Langdon was disposed to regard this as atoned for by the apparent purity and nobleness of his aspirations; and the effect of his discoveries by no means tended to lower the young man in his opinion.

He would willingly have assisted Godwyn towards the realization of his wishes; and it so happening that he had an opportunity, just at this time, for a practical effort in that direction, he could not wait to make it until the young man was well enough to know and approve what was to be done in his behalf.

On the very day of Godwyn's arrival, a letter had come from an old friend, the president of a college, to say that, if Colonel Langdon wished, he thought he could procure the position of librarian for his son, as it was about to be vacant. Such a post would not have suited

John Langdon; but it immediately occurred that it would be the very thing for his friend. The salary, it was stated, was a good one, for a single man, and might be increased by the opportunity afforded of considerable leisure, for giving private lessons; it seemed, therefore, that Godwyn, if he obtained the position, would be safe from pecuniary anxiety, and free to devote himself part of the time to literary pursuits. Colonel Langdon, without delay, determined to send a messenger to A—— after Godwyn's baggage, and to dispatch a letter at the same time to recommend his young relation for the post he declined for his son.

After a few days of careful nursing, the fever abated, and Godwyn was soon able to be down stairs, becomingly thoroughly domesticated at the Châlet, during his convalescence; indeed he would have willingly endured far more, for the pleasure of the familiar footing on which this quickly put him with the whole family. The trifling pleasures that spring up unnoticed in the daily intercourse of a large and affectionate household, had hitherto been unknown to him, and he was singularly susceptible to their charm. The kindly little courtesies he hourly received, the manner in which the stages of his recovery were hailed as pleasant events,

were to him no matter-of-course circumstances attendant upon having been ill, but pleasing surprises, to be laid up in grateful remembrance ; and such things, adding their influence to the sensations of reviving health, contributed to make him wonderfully happy.

He began to contract a particular friendship for almost every individual in the house, including the old man-servant and his wife who had waited on him during his illness ; and, as growing intimacy revealed shades of character, the relations in which each member of the family stood to the others, and the workings of different traits upon different natures, became an interesting study to him.

It was most beautiful to see the manner in which Colonel Langdon was treated by all of his children ; it was evident that his affliction was never for a moment forgotten by the elder ones ; there was something sad in the tender reverence which they observed towards him. The children were more free with him, giving ready-witted replies to his occasional rallyings. He acted as their tutor, causing them to repeat their tasks to each other in his hearing. He told Godwyn that this occupation had appeared tedious to him at first, but that he now found it rather interesting ; and Godwyn perceived

that the docility and intelligence of the children might well make the work pleasant, even to a man of Colonel Langdon's attainments. He could scarcely feel that they belonged to the same order of beings as even the most intelligent of his late scholars. Their extraordinary superiority could not, he thought, be altogether due to the fact of their being the offshoots of a more cultivated grade of society—something must also be owing to the peculiar refining influences by which they were surrounded. What manner of men and women might they not be expected to grow into, reared in an atmosphere of such high culture, in the midst of the grand simplicities of nature, yet with examples of heroic patience and beautiful unselfishness ever before their eyes?

The gentle-mannered young widow, much engrossed by the care of the house and of her two boys, was one not easily open to new interests, and Godwyn owed the special attention with which she treated him, to the fact that her pity had been awakened by his illness. He was grateful for the thoughtfulness of his comfort in little things which she showed, and soon accorded her a higher place in his regard than he perhaps occupied in hers; for her interest in him decreased as his health improved—but

in so courteous a lady the fact did not force itself upon his observation. Why was it that he found her so much more approachable than Isabel?

Not a single coquettish art was employed by that young lady to assist him over the first stages of a romantic passion. He hardly saw her out of her father's presence, and her existence seemed almost merged in his. There was no awkwardness in her behaviour towards Godwyn; she was as gently friendly as her sister, when it came in her way to be so, being totally unsuspecting of his feeling for her,—only it very rarely happened to come in her way; and there was so much of reverence in the love she awakened that she was likely to remain long ignorant of that love. Once or twice, she fancied he seemed more at ease with her sister than with herself—little imagining that the chief attraction he found in them was their resemblance to her. Little Una's likeness, in particular, invested the child's natural winsomeness with additional charms; he regarded her as a sort of childish embodiment of Isabel.

The little ones were disposed to favour him with a good deal of their society and undertook to guide him, as his increasing strength permitted, to all the points of interest about the

farm or in the neighborhood. Their favourite haunts were apt to be connected with traditions of the childhood of the elder portion of the family, which Godwyn was ever ready to listen to. The twin heights behind the house, for instance, were named, respectively, Virginia's and Isabel's Alps, in memory of the days when *Quits* had been the favourite novel of the two girls; various glens, springs and waterfalls bore traces, in their nomenclature, of their familiarity with Scott's novels; and a picturesque little cave, once perhaps inhabited by bears or Indians, went by the name of Isabel's Baby-house. Godwyn found in such communications "sweet records, promises as sweet."

His trunk had been brought from A — by the same man whom Colonel Langdon had despatched with his letter applying for the librarian's position. Godwyn had been informed of what had been done in his behalf as soon as he was better, and had been very grateful for the kindness. It had come to be understood that he was to remain at the Châlet, at any rate until Colonel Langdon had received an answer to that application, upon the success of which it was not in nature that the young man should not begin to build bright dreams.

CHAPTER IV.

“ Fair were our visions ! Oh ! they were as grand
 As ever floated out of Fairy Land ;
 Children were we in simple faith,
 But God-like children, whom nor death,
 Nor threat of danger drove from Honour's path
 In the land where we were dreaming.

Proud were our men, as pride of birth could render,
 As violets, our women, pure and tender,

* * * * * * * *

Though in our land we had both bond and free,
 Both were content, and so God let them be,
 In the land where we were dreaming.”

[D. B. LUCAS.]

Paramount as Isabel Langdon was disposed to consider her father's claims, it was inevitable, in the family circumstances, that various other demands should be made upon her time in the course of the day, and her father would always insist upon her leaving him in such cases. He and his son—whose duties called him out to the farm betimes—were extremely early risers; and Isabel, by getting up at the same hour, found that she could secure nearly two hours for reading to him without interruption. It had grown to be a habit for her to

wait on them both with coffee, made by her own hands, long before the rest of the family were up.

Before his blindness had fallen upon him, Colonel Langdon had always appeared to be a bright-tempered man; but though a cheerful, his had never been a sanguine spirit; for there had always been an underlying melancholy vein about him, which now, when he supposed himself alone, would often overcome his self-control so that he would allow himself to give utterance to sighs that seemed to come from the very depths of his heart, or to short and affecting ejaculatory prayers. Knowing how apt he was to fall into fits of dejection, Isabel had, many a time, left him with tears in her eyes, to go, at his bidding, about what would otherwise have been cheerful, congenial tasks. It was to save him from solitary musings that she had begun the habit referred to, and she had her reward, in that there was no time when he seemed so much his former self, as in the freshness of these early morning readings.

By a long course of training under his criticism, she had learned to modulate her sweet voice so that it was a pleasure to listen to her reading, independent of the sense conveyed. But hers had been a training of something

more than voice; not following the plan of Milton with his daughters, her father had gradually, without being altogether sensible of it, required her to go along with the comments of his cultivated understanding upon the most difficult authors. Her stock of information on many points might not have equalled that of some boarding-school misses in these days; but in so far as the exercise of the thinking faculties was concerned, her education had been of a high order. That power of independent thought, which is the result of perfect growth, she had still to attain; she had attempted no more, so far, than to follow and comprehend her father's views, and he was therefore not altogether unjust in treating her more like a child than a companion capable of reasoning.

One morning, about a fortnight after Godwyn's arrival, she imparted to her father and brother, while giving them their coffee, her suspicion that several pieces, signed with initials the same as his, which had appeared in a magazine they had been in the habit of seeing, had been written by him.

"Articles on education, were they not? I think I remember them," said her father.

"There were a good many verses too, at different times."

"Very likely," he rejoined; "I have suspected for some time that we had a poet on our hands; but I have no recollection of his rhymes."

"You seemed to like some of them," said she, a little mortified at the small importance he seemed to attach to the discovery of a disciple of the Muses.

"I begin to have a vague recollection of sympathizing with the 'unreconstructedness' of A. B. G.; I don't think I committed myself to more than that. I am quite ready to give them a re-hearing, if you like to give me a small dose of them directly."

"If Godwyn really wrote the pieces, I would not mind reading them myself," said John Langdon, "but I shall make sure of the fact before I set about it."

"He says it like a man willing to sacrifice himself when it is due to a friend," said his father.

"Well; I am not much given to poetry, you know; still, if Godwyn wrote it, it is the least his friends can do to read it."

"To read their poetry is more than I should like to do for some of my friends," observed Colonel Langdon, "and not at all dull men either; very clever fellows have failed at it. I

suppose there are few who have not tried their hand at verses at some time or other; in fact, I believe the class of writers of poetry to be larger than that of readers. Yet it is astonishing how little is produced that is worth reading. Let us hope our friend has been more successful in his efforts than is usual. If he has not, it is no disgrace to a fine, right-thinking young fellow, as he appears to be, to have printed a little harmless nonsense."

"Well, Isabel, put them together, after you get through, so that I may look them over, if they are his," said her brother, as he left the room.

"There is one called 'A Vow,'" said Isabel, turning over the magazines in search of A. B. G.'s signature.

"Nothing love-sick, I hope!"

"Now, papa! It is nothing of the kind."

"Well, well, go on; I am all attention."

She read with beautiful, careful enunciation, which would have put a soul into the most insignificant words:

A VOW.

My Carolina, for thy sake
I prayed of God my life to take.
It may be that He heard the prayer,
Although He chose that life to spare;
It may be He will teach me yet
How I may live to pay the debt.

I call myself no more my own ;
I vow to live for thee alone.
If I forget this vow to thee,
Then let my eyes forget to see !
Let my right hand its uses lose,
And let my tongue to speak refuse !

All that I am, all that is mine,
It is and shall be only thine.
Thou may'st o'erlook or little prize
My service, yea, thou may'st despise
My love and song, yet thou shalt claim
My fealty evermore the same.

What was the confusion of the fair reader, as she finished, to perceive that Godwyn was standing in the doorway !

He stammered something about having come down in search of a book ; but his manner showed that he had overheard and recognized the verses. His embarrassed sentence caught Colonel Langdon's ear, and enabled him to comprehend the situation.

"Good morning!" said he, pleasantly. "You see we have got hold of one of your poems—that is, if we are not mistaken in regard to the authorship."

Godwyn, still stammering, said the piece had been written long before—was a very youthful production of his.

"It was written before the days of recon-

struction, I presume," said Colonel Langdon. "You could hardly write in that spirit about Carolina now."

"Indeed, Colonel Langdon, I hope ever to feel the same."

"I cannot understand how that is possible," was the reply. "For my own part, I cannot render any sort of fealty to the now-existing State government; the Carolina of the past, which commanded my devotion, I look upon as lying in death—hopeless of resurrection, as it were—nay, as really blotted out of existence."

"Surely, that is only in one sense, Colonel Langdon!"

"But the most essential. The life, the spirit is departed."

"The spirit of its old government certainly is; and before defending my position in still feeling it possible to keep my allegiance to the State, I must say that it is impossible for one with the principles I hold, ever to feel any attachment to either the present State or Federal governments until they have been again modified into constitutional instead of absolute forms."

"The Federal Government had been drifting into absolute democracy long before the war; and it was the conviction of the fact which had

gradually lost it the allegiance of the Southern people. The Northern state governments had assumed that form almost from the beginning, and now, reconstruction has forced itself upon the South."

"I suppose none of us fully realized, at the time of the fall of the Confederacy, how the consequences would affect our State governments," said Godwyn. "It was sufficiently bitter to feel ourselves forced to live under the rule of the North as regarded all matters in which the Federal Government was concerned."

"You belong to the generation which grew up after the feeling of attachment to the Union had almost died out in South Carolina."

"Yes; I had no conception of patriotism except in my feeling for my own State; but the war taught me to extend it to the whole South," said Godwyn. "If the condition of South Carolina had been unaffected by the result, and the rest of the South only had suffered, I think I should have felt the fall of the Confederacy equally."

"The advocates of States' Rights always asserted that a particular regard for one's own State need not interfere with the sentiment for the nationality with which the State casts in its fortunes," observed Colonel Langdon.

"To suppose that it must," said Godwyn, "is surely no more reasonable than the opinion that the indulgence of any particular affection interferes with broader sentiments."

"It may do so," said Colonel Langdon; "but even if it was very often the case, a danger to which particular affections make one liable is not to be confounded with a direct tendency of such affections."

"That is an important distinction, sir."

"Not drawn by me, however, but by Bishop Butler, in one of those sermons which seem to me as worthy of study as his *Analogy* itself," said Colonel Langdon. "It is strange, by the way, how applicable the two which bear on political subjects are to the events within our experience. There is a passage in the one upon the death of Charles the First which is strikingly appropriate to the destruction of the constitutions of the Southern States."

"I do not remember it," said Godwyn.

"You can find it, I think, Isabel," said her father. "I remember calling your attention to it."

While she was looking it up, Colonel Langdon continued: "There is a curious parallelism between our present condition and that of the cavaliers in the time of Cromwell's ascend-

ency, more striking than that which also exists between our case and that of the Puritans at a subsequent period ; though I lately found a certain suitability to the present in Milton's reflections during his old age."

"It seems as if we, in our war," said Godwyn, "were only fighting over, on a vaster field, the battles of our ancestors in the seventeenth century,—as in a picture I have seen, in which the spirits of the dead bodies upon a battle-field in the foreground, are seen renewing their contest in the fields of the air."

"It was the old, eternal conflict between the conservative and revolutionary principles," said Colonel Langdon ; "but, this time, the stigma of rebellion was, somehow, cast upon the conservatives."

Here Isabel announced that she had found the passage, and, at her father's request, read it aloud.

"The destruction of a free constitution of government, though men see or fancy many defects in it, and whatever they design or pretend, ought not to be thought of without horror. For the design is, in itself, unjust, since it is romantic to suppose it legal ; it cannot be prosecuted without the most widespread means, nor accomplished but with the present ruin of liberty, religious as well as civil ; for it must be the ruin of its present security. Whereas the restoration of it must

depend on a thousand contingencies, the integrity, understanding, power of the persons into whose hands anarchy and confusion would throw things, and who they will be, the history before us may surely serve to show, no human foresight can determine ; even though such a terrible crisis were to happen in an age not distinguished for the want of principle and public spirit."

"Thank you, that is enough," said Colonel Langdon. "So much for the guilt of the perpetrators of reconstruction ; though the action may have presented itself in different colors to such of them as had any further motive than that of prolonging their party's tenure in office by means of negro suffrage."

"But for the reckless extension of that suffrage, and transformation of the State governments, consequently, into machines for the subjection of masters to their former slaves," said Godwyn, "it might have been found that the existence of the two races together in freedom, would have acted as a check upon the tendency of the governments to assume the absolute form ; and, in future, may it not yet do so ?"

"How things would have worked, if the old constitutions had been left to adapt themselves to the new order brought about by abolition, can, of course, only be guessed," said Colonel Langdon ; "but it cannot be doubted that the

antagonistic attitude between the races at present has been precipitated by the negro's having been given a weapon he was not fit to use."

"I sometimes fear," said Godwyn, "that there can never be a really good understanding between them again. If the whites should regain political ascendancy, their feeling against the negroes will be softened; but the latter, having become imbued with ambition to rule, will be dissatisfied and restless."

"The problems before us may be solved eventually," said Colonel Langdon, "by his dying out, as the Indian has done, unable to maintain himself under the strain of civilization without the protection of slavery—for that it acted as a protection* against the evils of civilization cannot be denied, when we compare the increase of the black with the decrease of the red man on this continent."

"When I said something like that to a North-

*At the time this conversation is related to have taken place, freedom had only begun to develop its natural effects upon a people not prepared to exercise self-restraint. The habit of drunkenness increasing, among the negroes at present, may serve as an illustration of the evils consequent upon emancipation. It remains to be seen if the constitution of the race will be able to resist the effects of this habit better than that of the Indian.

ern person, last winter," said Godwyn, "the reply was that it was better for them to die out than to live in slavery."

"I believe that opinion is seriously held at the North," said Colonel Langdon. "When arguing formerly with Northern people, their answer was always ready: that my position affected my judgment, when I declared I could perceive nothing essentially unnatural in the relations between master and slave, and that they afforded an opportunity for the favorable development of the highest qualities of both races; for, though they were, I admitted, liable to abuse, like other natural relations. I could never believe myself prejudiced in favor of slavery; because, personally, the responsibilities of ownership always weighed on me heavily, and I felt emancipation an immense relief."

"It is curious, how universal that feeling was at the time," said Godwyn. "Perhaps the scarcity that made the providing for negroes a burden just then, was one reason for it. I heard men reputed mean and avaricious, express the same sentiment. Most people felt that it was we who had been freed, not the negroes—as my mother expressed it."

"There was not that feeling of resentment upon account of emancipation, that was left by

the destruction of property," said Colonel Langdon; "though the manner in which it was brought about was a great wrong. But the establishment of slavery was brought about by great wrongs also. In itself I can not believe it to have been an evil, and it may have been designed for the Christianization of the African race. It must be admitted to have done more to that end than any other agency is likely to effect."

"I remember, when I was quite a little boy, hearing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' discussed at the North," said Godwyn, "and the impression made on me by my mother's remark, that it ought to be considered a defence of slavery that it produced such a character as 'Uncle Tom.'"

"Undoubtedly it did produce such characters, though they were rare," said Colonel Langdon; "but the general, wonderful propriety of their behaviour at the time of emancipation—the utter absence of the Caliban-like exultation that might have been an accompaniment of unexpected freedom—was a still more remarkable proof than exceptional individual characters could be of the humanizing character of the institution of slavery, as it existed among us, compared, say with the West Indians."

"The Caliban element, however, which cer-

tainly exists in the negro, is coming out in the orgies of the present Legislature of South Carolina," observed Godwyn.

"I feel quite willing," said Colonel Langdon, "to rest the vindication of our institutions upon the physical and moral status of the colored race when they were emancipated, compared with what it will be twenty years hence. I consider the free negro capable of being no more than a drag-weight upon our civilization,—as indeed he has always been, to a certain extent, upon our material development."

"May not we hope," said Godwyn, "that our civilization may be able to sustain the drag-weight here, even under new and heavier conditions?"

"I fear not; in fact it has not,—witness the retrograde movement of the last five years. We were able to support the weight before, only because we were stimulated by the powerful motive forces of well constituted state governments, of which we are now deprived. I confess I fear we tend towards a state of society such as exists in Central America. I despair, yes, I despair for my country."

Colonel Langdon uttered the last sentence with an indescribably affecting solemnity, and, as he ended it, his head sunk forward upon his

breast, conveying his feeling of hopelessness in a most impressive manner. Godwyn was much moved by this action, and even more by the effect it produced upon Isabel; the words he wished to utter died upon his lips, as he perceived that large tears had gathered in her beautiful eyes. With a slight gesture, to deprecate his calling her father's attention to her action, she, immediately after, left the room, so noiselessly that the blind man, sunk in thought, seemed to observe nothing, until the slight sound made by the closing of the door roused him.

“ I had quite forgotten she was present,” he said, when Godwyn, at his question, explained that the sound was caused by Isabel's departure; “ I fear I distressed her. She deserved more consideration at my hands; for a ministering angel could not be more kind than she is to me in this affliction of mine. Yet a higher motive still, ought to have restrained my utterance of such thoughts,—what are we that we should undertake to forecast evil? 'Tis the merest presumptuous folly.” *

* It is conceived that, as in life, grave discourse, girlhood's tears, youth's aspirations and childhood's prattle are often inextricably woven together, they ought not to be found incongruous in representations of life in-

Just then, one of the children came in with morning greetings, and he instantly resumed his usual manner. Did the profound melancholy of which Godwyn had caught this momentary glimpse represent a passing mood, or the fixed habit of his mind?

tended for mature minds. No apology, therefore, seems to the writer to be due for the gravity of the conversations recorded in this book; but on other grounds one perhaps ought to be offered for the discourse related above, as there is less in it than in any of the others of what is supposed to set forth new ways of looking at things, and to have something to say that seems not to have been already said, and needs to be said, is the only sufficient reason for attempting to write on such subjects. The excuse then is, that short, distinct statements of the attitude of mind, after the war, of gentlemen like Colonel Langdon and Godwyn are really rare, and something of the sort seemed not unnecessary for the clear understanding of the elements of belief, out of which the theory set forth in this book was evolved.

CHAPTER V.

“The heart of man is set to be
The centre of the world, about the which
Those revolutions of disturbances
Still roll ; where all th’ aspects of misery
Predominate ; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress—
UNLESS ABOVE HIMSELF HE CAN
ERECT HIMSELF, HOW POOR A THING IS MAN !”

Some hours later, on the same day that the conversation related in the previous chapter had occurred, while Colonel Langdon was occupied with the children’s lessons in the library, Godwyn found himself with the two ladies in a small parlor, opening into it, which was their especial domain, but which he had become free of during his convalescence. Mrs. Langdon, ignorant of the occurrence of the morning, made some remarks upon her father’s having seemed unusually cheerful of late.

“Until this morning,” said Godwyn, “he has appeared so ; but I begin to see that he is not naturally inclined to take bright views of things.”

“I think he tries to see it, when there is a bright side,” said Isabel.

"There always is," Godwyn said, "if not positively, yet a comparatively bright side. And even if we are not able to see it, let us not lose faith in the existence of light, The denial of hope leads to apathy, not to true resignation."

"Papa is not apathetic," said she, quickly; but immediately added: "Excuse me. You did not intend any reflection on him."

"Indeed I did not; I was thinking of the general principle; but I should have made my remarks exceptional; there may be cases where despair itself cannot overcome the principle of faithfulness in a lofty mind; and that cannot consist with apathy. Yet observe—despair is a temptation, from the stand-point of Christian belief; the faithfulness which it may not overthrow is the old heathen *fidelitas*, the result of which is stoic fortitude, not the acquiescent and gentle endurance of the faith which is allied to hope."

"What is that?" suddenly broke in the voice of Colonel Langdon, as he entered the room, led by one of the children.

It is not unlikely that, when the last part of Godwyn's remark was repeated to him, he divined the half-reference to himself that had drawn it forth; if he did, he did not resent it. He seemed to consider deeply for a moment,

and then said, in his measured way : “ Christian faith is confidence in the unseen for spiritual results, and may be found not inconsistent with the abandonment of hope in regard to temporal affairs—including national.”

“ I accept the definition of faith,” said Godwyn ; “ but do you hold that we may not exercise faith and anticipate spiritual results in regard to—perhaps I should say in behalf of—nations as well as individuals ?”

“ I wish you could prove to me that we are authorized to do so,” said Colonel Langdon, “ though I must tell you I fear you will not be able. This is a topic which I have often considered and discussed, without being able to satisfy myself with conclusions, and I should like to pursue it with you.”

“ I have bestowed much thought on it also,” said Godwyn, “ and I will own to you, I seem to myself to have arrived at the true theory on this subject ; yet I often feel conscious that my conceptions are still very crude. It may be that you will help to correct them. Still I hope they are founded in reason, and that I will be able to defend the hope and faith I found on them, and the consequent attitude I hold to in regard to the State, which you said this morning you could not assume.”

"Indeed," said Colonel Langdon, "your faith and hope seem almost like a rebuke to me, and I must regret seeming to come into conflict with them. Though unable to entertain them myself, why should I try to destroy what may help to make life bearable to you?"

"Sir," said Godwyn, "I have had one severe lesson already on the folly of entertaining hopes founded on mistaken views of things on this very subject of the true theory of national life; and I believe it safer to face the sternest truths than to delude one's self; if, therefore, my present views are erroneous, the sooner I am convinced of it the better. As I told you, I often feel that I have only attained crudities as yet."

"After all, the wisest of us can do no more; human wisdom is but a comparative thing at best," said Colonel Langdon. "The progress, or even the errors of an earnest mind are never uninteresting—and such a mind I can well believe yours to be. As you say, it may be well for you to find out, if you are mistaken; and it certainly will be no subject of regret for me, if you are able to convince me that you are not."

"I shall begin, then," said Godwyn, "by saying that there appear to be two distinct,

concrete ideas conveyed by the word 'State,' as we ordinarily use it. The one represents the embodiment of the organization of the government, as if it were a beneficent, protective system or power. It was under this aspect that you referred to the Carolina of the past, which commanded your allegiance, as blotted out of existence; and I admit that, in this sense, the life is altogether gone out of her organization, and is not to be revived."

"The scheme of her peculiar constitution," said Colonel Langdon, "grew out of slow processes; no possible revolution could restore the conditions of birth and gradual growth, which made her what she was."

"The other aspect," said Godwyn, "presents the State as the personification of the people identified with her soil. The vitality of the ideal existence of Carolina, under this aspect, cannot be destroyed, so long as we remain a distinct people."

"Here, I think, I must take issue with you," said Colonel Langdon. "So close is the connection between what we may call the personality of a whole people, and the character of the organization of its government, that, if you can entirely destroy the scheme of the latter—and never has any structure of society been

more completely destroyed in its very foundations than ours—the effect is an inevitable disappearance, in the end, of those essential characteristics of a people which may be supposed to constitute its peculiar and individual being.”

“The character of an individual,” said Godwyn, “under altered circumstances, sometimes undergoes such a change that it is said he is no longer the same man; but when such an expression is used, it is not meant that his identity has really been destroyed, but merely that he has altered, or that a new phase of his character has been developed. Now, it seems to me that, when the State is considered as identified with her people, the form of government sinks into a mere fortunate or unfortunate circumstance affecting its development.”

“But a circumstance of the vastest importance,” said Colonel Langdon; “in fact, in the occurrence of a radical change in the character of a people, consequent upon such an overthrow as we are considering of the very constitution of its society, I must look upon it as immaterial whether the vitality of the ideal existence of the State, as identified with the people, is regarded as annihilated or not; the result is equivalent. It is the bearing of the character

of the government on the moral nature of the people which makes its downfall or continuance of much more importance than could otherwise be the case; for, after all, the best scheme of government, though so perfect as to be a fit type of God's kingdom, can be but a part of the present probationary system of things, and its duration is necessarily finite; but its effect upon human character, the tendency of which may be fixed in this life, eternity only can measure."

"I remember, when I was once reflecting on the fall of the Confederacy," said Godwyn, "it seemed to me that its destruction, after all, might be of less real moment than the death of the meanest soldier who died for the cause; for it affected a merely finite form of being; even if the result was the rendering of the lives of a whole generation harder than they would otherwise have been, the separate lives of the millions which would make it up, all added together, would not equal the duration we believe to be assigned to one human soul, nor what might be endured by them all, equal what might be suffered by one lost spirit."

"An idea too awful to be realized. We were not meant to dwell on such speculations," said Colonel Langdon. "I believe the result of the

war actually has affected the lives of the present generation to an extraordinary extent. With us, at present, every private life is harrassed by the direct or indirect consequences of the overthrow of our domestic institutions; it is not merely that public affairs and the administration of law are directed by worthless and ignorant persons; but the minutest household matters are continually disturbed. I can take small consolation, under present circumstances, from reflections like those of Goldsmith's traveller:

'In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain—
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.' ”

“I have sometimes thought,” said Godwyn, “that, restrained as our men are now in every honorable ambition, subject to mortification, and hampered in every calling, the times are even harder upon women, reared as ours were, to be waited on, but now forced to menial tasks, and often to a hard struggle for a support.”

“The life of a planter's wife formerly, however,” said Colonel Langdon, “was no easy one, as I can testify by observation of one who was, I often thought, the very type of

'The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,'

that Wordsworth depicts in his perfect woman. I often wondered at what she used to accomplish, and indeed I think none of her daughters lead a more wearing life, in some ways. Besides being the centre of a well-ordered establishment, she took upon herself labors equal to those of any sister of charity, in watching over the sick, and was a true missionary of the Cross, striving daily to bring it home to old and young, and holding it up to the eyes of the dying among our people."

It was the first allusion Godwyn had heard to the character of Colonel Langdon's late wife, and he was much struck with it. He observed that Mrs. Langdon's eyes had filled with tears, and Isabel's dilated with interest at this description of one who must have died while the latter was still a little girl. Their mother, however worthy of this eulogy, could not, he thought, have led a more beautiful life than her daughters, nor so difficult a one in many ways. He could not, of course, make this comment aloud, but remarked :

"I cannot think, sir, that a more noble type of women has ever graced the earth than Carolina had to show. But you must let me believe that her future will not shame her past; and I wish it could be said that the men had

borne themselves as well through the present difficult time, as the women have done."

"The next generation will not have the advantages of education that these had," said Colonel Langdon. "There will be a deterioration in manners, that must tell upon the characters of the women, as well as the men of the State."

"There may be some compensation, you will allow, sir," said Godwyn, "in the opportunity difficult times afford for the exercise of certain virtues which can hardly be developed amid ordinary surroundings. The struggle against them conduces to the discipline and expansion of the moral being."

"It does, I grant you, in individuals. Some will rise to heights they would not have attained under ordinary circumstances; but the thought of the extraordinary virtues which may be developed by a few, hardly consoles me in the prospect of the moral deterioration of the many."

"But why, Colonel Langdon, since the highest virtues, in particular instances, may be the fruits of adversity—it being, as Lord Bacon says, the blessing of the New Testament, as prosperity is of the Old—should it not be expected to prove beneficial to the character of

the whole people as well as to that of individuals?"

"The question resolves itself," said Colonel Langdon, "into how far we can go in arguing from the analogy which exists between nations and individuals."

"I have been in the habit of considering this analogy as a very perfect one," said Godwyn, "and believing that we could argue from it freely, arriving at as much certainty in our conclusions as is ever attainable in this sort of reasoning—which is the only one the subject admits of, from its nature."

"That is true. It is one of those questions on which we can only theorize."

"But we may arrive at convictions."

"I have not arrived at any," said Colonel Langdon; "but I would like to hear yours, and how you reached them."

"The way was this," said Godwyn: "in general, it has been a favorite practice of mine to translate the axioms of one department of knowledge into the terms of another, and it is surprising what light this sometimes seems to throw upon difficult or disputed subjects; thus once, when I was engaged in the composition of some essays on education,—"

"They were published in that magazine

which contained other contributions of yours, were they not? I have some recollection of them."

"Yes. It occurred to me that the principles I was trying to elucidate, might be found applicable to governmental problems; from that, the next step was to an examination of this analogy between states, considered as identical with their people, and individuals. I verified the harmony of their organizations to my own satisfaction, until it became established in my mind that the forms of national life were designed and called into being by the same creative will that bestowed existence on human beings, that, as I believe the providence of the Supreme Disposer to be concerned in each individual's birth, circumstances and surroundings in so far that nothing happens but by His allowance and that all is so arranged as, in the end, by a divine transmuting agency—the work of the Eternal Spirit co-operating with the human will—to work for the good and the highest development of those who accept and use His grace, so do I believe the same providence to be concerned in the formation and destruction of governments for the development of nations; and that the scheme of things under which nations and individuals hold their being

is identical—in other words, that the Christian dispensation is intended for both.

“As I told you,” said Colonel Langdon, “this is not the first time I have discussed this subject. I had several conversations upon it with a friend whom I greatly revered. His views were essentially different from yours. For my own part, the arguments on this question appear to me fairly balanced; the subject only admits of probable evidence, and, in weighing the probabilities, I consider that not enough preponderance exists on either side to justify the formation of a decided opinion. It may be that you have some new arguments in favor of your theory to throw into the scale; and I should like to understand the way in which you would meet the points where the analogy fails,—as all analogies do, when pressed too far.”

“I should like to understand your friend’s views before entering upon the defence of my own, Colonel Langdon,” said Godwyn. “I am really anxious to hear what can be said on the opposite side. I care nothing about maintaining my theory, in comparison with arriving at the truth about this question. It appears to me to be an exceedingly important one to those who desire to unite the acceptance of Christianity with the love of their country—

whatever their opinions may be on other political points."

"Very true. It is quite aside, for instance, from all the issues between the North and the South which have led us into this discussion," said Colonel Langdon. "I shall preface my account by stating that I have always considered this friend of mine* the superior of every other person I have ever been brought into contact with. If to adopt his opinions would have assimilated my character to his, I would have felt the temptation as a strong one.

Colonel Langdon hereupon proceeded with the statement of his friend's views, which will here be given without the breaks which occurred in the conversation, for the sake of succinctness. He had held that the revelation of Christianity, bringing "immortality to light," and thereby immeasurably exalting the dignity of individual members of the human race, did away with the former dispensation, under which there was a recognized continuity

*The writer wishes to state that the Hon. R. W. Barnwell is here referred to. The *résumé* of his opinions, as here given—though not the personal reference—was prepared in 1874, and, on its being submitted to him, he pronounced it an exact representation of his opinions.

of national life, and, the sins of the fathers being visited on the children, whole peoples were made the objects of visible judgments; that, accordingly, the endeavor to "track the footprints" of God in the course of subsequent history, is a vain one, if we attempt to draw from it other conclusions than this, that the principles of Christianity are being proved sufficient to sustain the souls of individuals through all the almost infinite modes of probation furnished by the conditions of ancient and modern life with their changing structures of society. These principles did, indeed, embody the remedy for the disorders of the world; but the way in which they fulfilled their mission was, not by gradually permeating the institutions of society, but by rescuing individuals from the various evils and temptations—though not from the troubles—which must be incident to all possible phases of mortal life. The consummation towards which the course of the world was tending, was not the "golden year" of the poets, but the final condemnation and rejection of all existing forms of government, as of systems proven failures—for no scheme had yet been, or, he believed, would ever be framed by man, which could be styled good in other than a compara-

tive sense—the destruction of all present forms of national life, and, probably, of the entire present scheme of things, preparatory to a new creation and the introduction of a better order.

Godwyn asked how this theory accounted for the history of the Jews in modern times.

“He considered theirs as an exceptional case,” said Colonel Langdon, “as a standing miracle, bearing witness to the truth of Christianity. It appeared as if, on account of their rejection of it, the Jews were being still kept in subjection to the old dispensation, which had been abrogated for the rest of the human race.”

“Still, the sequences existing between periods of national life and connecting different generations together, appear to me equally obvious and undeniable in other cases,” said Godwyn. “Take the occurrences of the French revolution, following on an age of dissolute manners and infidelity.”

“He denied the inference that other nations escaped similar visitations because less deserving of them, or because equally deep-seated diseases were not inherent in their bodies politic, ready to break forth at any time. Such events were to be considered as the forerunners of the final doom of all nations, though the world in general was not yet made the theatre of that

kind of judgment which involves the idea of penalty as an absolutely unavoidable natural consequence of wrong doing.

"And why not?" said Godwyn. "Is it not only because, from our belief in the sufficiency of the atonement of a divine Saviour, suffering, even where it does come by way of natural consequence, has come to be regarded as intended chiefly for our improvement? The point at issue between your friend's opinions and mine seems to me to narrow itself down to the question: did Christ bear the sins of humanity collectively and as divided into separate races and nationalities, or not?"

"I think that is a fair statement of the issue," said Colonel Langdon. "I confess your view would seem to add grandeur to the idea of atonement; but our ideas of grandeur are not a criterion of the truth of things. Your theory undoubtedly presents superior attractions, but that ought not to destroy the balance of our judgment; the very fact that there would be a predisposition in many minds to accept it, in preference to the other, ought to make us scrutinize it very closely."

"Yet, supposing other arguments for and against the acceptance of either of two theories to be equally balanced," said Godwyn, "it is

surely not unreasonable to prefer the one which best answers to the needs of our nature by holding out the motive power of high hopes. Is it not a positive argument in its favor that it produces a bracing effect on the mind?"

"It may be," said Colonel Langdon, "just as I hold it for a good argument in favor of a creed, that, admitting there was as much reasonableness in rejecting as in accepting it, yet that certain advantages, should it prove true, would accrue to its believers, while, if it proved untrue, they would merely stand on the same footing as others. I have never thought that problem in religion, the uniting, continued exertions, with acquiescence in disappointments, was best solved by the mystics, who held that to be able to dispense with hope was a sign of progress in the soul."

"It is Wordsworth," said Godwyn, "who calls hope 'the paramount duty that Heaven lays, for its own honor, on man's suffering heart.'"

"Observe: my friend's views do not dispense with hope altogether; but he thought we could only exercise it reasonably in behalf of individuals—at least that we were only justified in believing that things would work to a happy consummation in regard to them."

“Such views, it seems to me,” said Godwyn, “would discourage the feeling of patriotism, and I do not see how any one holding them could interest himself in public affairs.”

“I think not inconsistently,” answered Colonel Langdon. “Although the relationship which we bear to a certain country in our present form of being, is but temporary, it may entail certain duties; and to regard the forms of national life and all the schemes of government which may be devised under our present order as doomed to destruction, is not the same as believing that such schemes are all equally bad, or that to further their better construction might not be a part of our duty. No doubt, it is desirable for the generations of men that governments should be well constituted, just as it is that individuals should have well-built houses. As a matter of fact, my friend’s opinions did not prevent him from making the most patriotic sacrifices in behalf of the South, though he was at no time sanguine as to the success of the Confederacy. He considered Calhoun’s theory—he, by the way, was his intimate friend—to be founded on a correct estimate of human nature, and the most perfect ever imagined; yet that a government thoroughly organized upon the basis of that theory

would ever be permitted to be established, or if established, long maintained, he thought improbable; it may be he thought that, under the restraints so complete a system of adjustments would impose upon men, their true characters would have less opportunity to display themselves, and the purposes of probation be less fully answered than it otherwise would be."

"Did he regard probation as the sole end of life?"

"As the primary end, undoubtedly. You, I perceive, look upon the present more as a scene of discipline and development; here we approach the point of essential difference between your reading of the bearing of events and his."

"My theory does not exclude the idea of probation," said Godwyn; "and I do not see why the purpose of probation should not be answered under well-constituted governments, if the standard by which men are to be judged is to be raised, as we are led to expect, in proportion to the advantages they enjoyed."

"I confess I do not see why not," said Colonel Langdon; "therefore, I did not think his views quite justified his forebodings of the failure of the Confederacy; yet I could not help regarding the event as a sort of confirmation of his judgment."

“But why should it be supposed,” said Godwyn, “that, in enduring the probation to which they are subjected, besides manifesting their characters, men may not attain to the highest development possible to them under their present conditions? It seems to me that we must believe this, if we believe in a faithful Creator.”

“I do not know that it is necessary to vindicate the faithfulness of the Creator that we should believe more than that men will be granted in eternity, as a reward in case of having stood their probation here well, that development of moral character which is the highest reward of well-doing.”

“Observe, Colonel Langdon, I said under their present conditions. It is not to be demanded, of course, that the whole scheme of things should be so arranged as to admit of each individual’s reaching what might be possible under a different order.”

“It would be impossible to prove that any one individual had actually reached the highest development he was capable of, or to show that he had had opportunity for doing so.”

“As we agreed, these are not subjects which admit of absolute demonstration,” said Godwyn; “I only hope to prove that my theory

has more to be said in its favour than the contrary one has."

"Of two hypotheses, one may have more to be said in its favor, and yet may be more open to objections than the other," said Colonel Langdon. "Now, there are several against yours, which must be met before I can accept it. We have not as yet touched upon the points where the analogy between individuals and nations fails, even if it were granted that this life is as much a scene of development as of probation. As I told you, I could never quite accept my friend's conclusions; they left too much to be accounted for; his negations appeared to me excessive."

"I cannot but think that, in denying that events have any other bearing than the manifestation of individual character, he argued against the force of facts," said Godwyn.

"He did not deny that there might be others," said Colonel Langdon; but considered that they were beyond our comprehension, the relation between causes and effects being too obscure for us to draw just inferences in such matters."

"My creed, you will observe, Colonel Langdon, embraces all the points of his,—only a few more. I only object to his not going far enough."

“Well, I shall be interested in hearing what you have to say.”

At this point the conversation was interrupted by sounds that betokened the return of John Langdon from a hunt. He was calling for Godwyn to come and listen to the performances of his setter, which he had undertaken to train, finding her education unduly neglected, and Colonel Langdon was too old a sportsman not to feel quite an equal interest in the subject.

The difference between the two sisters had been very observable in the different amount of attention they had accorded to this long talk. Mrs. Langdon had quietly gone on working, her interest only seeming to have been roused once, at the allusion to her mother.

“She is the same sort of woman as Artevelde’s Adriana,” thought Godwyn :

“Unmoved

Amidst the world’s contentions, if they touched
No vital chord, nor injured what she loved.”

In truth she only cared deeply for persons. Its effect upon her father’s spirits was the chief cause of her regret for the state of the country.

Isabel’s attention, on the contrary, had been absorbed from the beginning. She had set out

with a conviction that her father's position would prove impregnable, and bent her powers to following the argument rather in the hope of arriving at a clear comprehension of what he thought, than as expecting Godwyn to justify his more hopeful views of things ; but gradually she had become inclined to adopt his theory, and hope that he might be able to convert her father to it.

CHAPTER VI.

"Love thou thy land with love far brought
 From out the storied Past, and used
 Within the Present, but transfused
 Thro' future times by power of thought.

* * * * * *

For Nature also, cold and warm,
 And moist and dry, devising long,
 Thro' many agents making strong,
 Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
 Our being, lest we rust in ease.
 We all are changed by slow degrees,
 All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
 To ingroove itself."

[TENNYSON.]

"If you will find those essays of our young friend on education, Isabel, I should like to

hear them read over," said her father, early on the following morning, when she was about to begin her usual reading.

They were not, on this occasion, interrupted by Mr. Godwyn, and the essays were read through.

There were four; the first was headed "General Beneficial Principles in Education;" the second, "Upon the Amount of Consideration due to Individuality in Education;" the third, "Repression and Expansion;" the fourth, "A Harmonious Development as the Chief End in Education."

Omitting the reasoning by which Godwyn arrived at his conclusions, only the latter will be given here.

It was maintained that the true end of education was to establish and uphold the principles of a divine order by a harmonious development of the physical, the intellectual and the moral nature; that all three ought to be subjected to strictly analogous treatment; that, as in the operations of the order of nature the principle of life is first presented to us through the workings of a physical medium, through the unfolding of which our knowledge of the mental and moral traits of the individual is derived, so our theories in regard to the

parts of the complex being of man should be formed from analogies with the manifestations of his material existence, and verified by comparison with its workings; that we may, therefore, argue from what is admitted as beneficial to corporeal development up to principles that should regulate our treatment of the more spiritual half of the being. The work of the educator was entirely distinct from that of the Creator, but should be co-operative and co-ordinate to it; it was the part of the educator to bring out and train the faculties, not to call them into being—in the effort to do which, much vain labor was expended. To each individual, certain capacities belonged, existing in the infant as germs, dependent for development upon his surroundings; these capacities were distributed with differences as to number, degree and combination of almost infinite complexity; whence arose endless natural varieties of outward and inward dissimilarities between individuals, and an inherent uniqueness, essential to the nature of each individual; these differences were not to be confounded with the results of the action of circumstances in developing the nature, which, however, tended to increase and mark the unlikeness of individuals to each other. Germs of intellectual faults

and tendencies to moral evil, analogous to physical deformities, and moral deficiencies, akin to physical, were also inherent in every man's nature; hence the work of the educator was two-fold, and should be directed to the expansion of the one set of germs and the repression of the other—analogous with the efforts of government to put down crime, at the same time that it fosters civilizing agencies; but since man's double nature was thus at war with itself, an absolutely harmonious, faultless development of the being was not to be looked for as the result of education; the utmost was such an approximation to it as that the higher should predominate over the lower nature in him. The range of possibilities of development open to any individual, from the imperfect or disproportionate expansion of his capacities, was very wide; but there was only one perfect ideal development—perfect that is, with the perfection of a creature, perfectness of its kind as distinguished from absolute perfection—for the nature of any man; this ideal, because of the unequal distribution of capacities, was separate and unique in the case of each; the education should be directed towards an approximation to it.

The work of education was much more ar-

duous in the case of some individuals than of others; it was more difficult to overcome the natural defects of some persons so that they should not become criminals, than to help others to become shining characters. For the treatment of such cases, peculiar remedial mental and moral agencies had to be resorted to, and for their success it was important that the possibility of the attainment of at least an approach to the perfect ideal of the character, should never be lost sight of. Here Coleridge's noble poem on education was quoted from, to illustrate the importance of maintaining hope.

For those who had to deal with unusually vicious natures, there was this encouragement; that, by a special law of compensation, this tendency being once overcome, such natures were often susceptible of an approximation to a loftier ideal than might be approached by ordinary individuals, free from such natural bias in the wrong direction.

Two direct quotations may close the account of these essays.

"The work of the educator bears some resemblance to that of a sculptor who carves what images he chooses, limited by the amount of his skill and the material upon which he is working, or of the artist who draws what he will,

under the same limitations. It has many more resemblances to that of a gardener to whose care is committed a plant of whose particular nature he is partly ignorant; he must, therefore, also be ignorant of even the probable results of his tendance of it; he should take care that it be supplied with what he knows to be good for plants in general, until observation shows the sort of treatment under which it thrives, not attempting to force it into arbitrary shapes, or even being over-hasty to remove what may appear to him to be excrescences, but may prove to be essential and even peculiarly beautiful parts of the being. But there is a point where the analogy between the work of the gardener and that of the educator also fails; only two wills are factors in the result in the one case, that of the original designer and that of the developer; but man is a conscious, a reasoning, a self-willed and in a measure self-responsible being; without co-operation from himself, the most intelligent efforts of another for his improvement can produce comparatively little result; for a happy result, it is as necessary that the will of the subject of education should conform itself to the design of the educator, as that the latter should conform itself to the design of the creator. The greatest prob-

lem in the work of education really is the gaining of the thorough assent and co-operation of the subject. In the fret and friction of clashing wills much force is wasted."

"It seems to be a common mistake of earnest minded persons, to direct their energies towards the repression of unfortunate tendencies in their charges, rather than to the expansion of higher ones, whereas it is very often the less essential part of their tasks. The divine caution against pulling up the tares lest the wheat be rooted up also, seems applicable here. Some guardians of youth practice upon the moral nature of their charges a system analogous to the course of a parent, who, to remedy a defective complexion should deprive a child of the benefits of open air exercise; according to the strength of the will of the subject acted upon, the natural consequences of such treatment are either a general weakness of character, or a rebound in the future towards the opposite direction, like the recoil of a spring. As is the case in the providential ordering of affairs, a certain measure of freedom should be allowed, to the will of the subject of education; we should respect that mysterious agency, the human will, as its creator has chosen to respect it; discipline is allowable only to a certain

point ; the absolute forcing of the will is dangerous ; to destroy its strength is an awful injury to the character ; to induce the habit of its resolute submission to the claims of duty is the greatest benefit that can be conferred."

On the afternoon of the day on which Isabel had read these essays to her father, Godwyn was playing a game of chess with his little friend, Una, in the Pinery, which was one of the favorite family resorts. It was situated only a few yards from the house, and consisted of a grove of over a hundred trees of the blue pine species, planted in rows. Within an outer curtain of dense foliage, the effect produced by the smooth, round trunks of the trees, rising at regular intervals and bare up to about ten feet from the ground, by the interlacing of the dry branches overhead,—for the thick foliage at the top and sides of the grove prevented the light from reaching the inner boughs and gradually left them perfectly bare,—by the long perspectives and by the soft, subdued light, was very similar to that of the arched aisles of a cathedral. The ground was covered, some inches deep, by long years' deposits of the trees ; the topmost layer of the pine-needles having fallen recently, retained, at this time, a yellow-brown color and a polish like a waxed

floor, but was more springy than a thick velvet carpet under foot. Rustic seats and tables had been placed, here and there, close to the trees, so as not to interrupt Colonel Langdon's free passage between the rows, where he would sometimes walk without assistance, except from his stick. Coming hither with Isabel, this afternoon, and learning how Godwyn was employed, he smiled and said :

“When you are through with your game, I want to pursue our discussion of yesterday.”

Isabel offered to take the game off his hands and Una prettily gave in to the arrangement; Godwyn therefore paced up and down the grove with Colonel Langdon, while she divided her attention between the chess board and what was passing between the two gentlemen.

“I have been much interested in hearing your essays read over,” said Colonel Langdon, “and applying your theories, as you suggested might be done, to governmental affairs, by supposing the words educator and subject exchanged for executive, or ruling power, and people. It is certain that the same principles apply very well to their several relations and duties towards each other. I was particularly struck with the happiness with which your quotation from Coleridge, as to the necessity of

keeping up hope, would apply to your view of our duty to the State."

"Nearly the whole of that poem is equally applicable, I think, to the attitude a patriot should endeavor to maintain towards his country," said Godwyn. "I can repeat it, if you care to listen to it, in this connection."

Upon Colonel Langdon's assenting, he did so, leaving out only the introductory oft-quoted lines:

"For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there supports it so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education, Patience, Love and Hope.
Methinks I see them, grouped in seemly show,
Their straightened arms upraised, their palms aslope,
And robes that, mingling as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
Oh, part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too must sink and die.
But Love is patient and doth proof derive
From her own life, that Hope is yet alive,
And, bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother-dove,
Calls back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies;
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
Yet, haply, there will come a weary day
When, over-tasked at length,
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way;
Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And, both supporting, does the work of both.

Godwyn's tendency to stammer rendered him liable to frequent unexpected pauses in repeating, which did not, upon the whole, make his manner less impressive.

"I can only repeat," said Colonel Langdon, when he had finished, "that your faith is a beautiful and attractive one. But that weary day has certainly come for me in which patience can be my only support in regard to the country."

"Love and Hope must revive, sir, if Patience hold out beneath the load."

"Not for me; not in my day," said the blind man sadly.

"Can we not look beyond it?" said Godwyn.

Colonel Langdon making no reply, he presently said:

"I have been occupied, during the last two days, in studying some of those sermons of Bishop Butler, to which you directed my attention. Not only are his views on government interesting, but his review of the moral constitution of man may be made to bear upon national forms of life. What he says as to the disorder of our nature, in reference to the faculty of conscience, which is the highest we have and should dominate over the others, but is one of the least self-asserting in reality, is

very strikingly true when applied to the body politic."

"But here comes up one of the points in which I consider the analogy between nations and individuals fails very much," said Colonel Langdon.

He then brought forward the amount of truth that is felt to lie in the saying, "corporations have no souls." The fact was, the vitality of a nation's existence was vaguely distributed among a host of individuals, passing from one generation to another; and though such expressions as "the moral sense of the community," "the public standard of right," &c., implied a sort of national moral responsibility, they hardly answered to the defined idea of conscience which rendered individuals responsible. Occasionally, indeed, masses of men combined in one action, for which they might all be held responsible; but, in the general conduct of affairs, it was hard to say that a whole people usually were so, or to abstract even one sentiment from their collective opinions which might be considered to represent the real "moral sense of the community" on very important matters, in regard to which action was continually taken in the name of the commonwealth, for which it could not fairly be held responsible.

Godwyn said that the natural leaders of thought on moral questions represented the faculty of conscience in a State. It would help to clear the analogy between States and individuals of vagueness, if it were continually borne in mind that the different parts of the physical, mental and moral constitution of man were represented in the State by distinct classes, each of which owed quite different duties to the commonwealth, as was recognized in the old, homely fable of Menenius. Each class might justly be held accountable for non-performance of its peculiar duties, or for interfering with the functions, or refusal to admit the just claims of another class; but individuals, though joining in a common act, were to be relegated to their proper classes, all not being responsible in the same way, and the whole community being only responsible in so far as it ratified and accepted the decision of those who acted in its name, as its representatives. In all communities, those of higher moral culture than the generality, capable of founding well-grounded opinions on questions of political morality, must be comparatively few; however little their office and its importance were recognized by themselves or others, these were the true representatives of the con-

science of the community, and their decisions, the true moral sense of the community, whether accepted and acted on by the people at large, or not. He believed such men to be in duty bound to some expression of their opinions on subjects belonging to their province, and that other classes should properly be held accountable for refusal to conform to those decisions.

“ You surely would not assert,” said Colonel Langdon, “ that it is the duty of all classes to accept and ratify the decision of one class without scrutiny.”

Godwyn answered that that was by no means his meaning ; that that would be advocating an intolerable form of moral slavery, involving the surrender of personal responsibility, often to the dictatorship of one man, since, in many instances, it was not even a class, but a single voice which directed the political convictions of a whole people, in regard to matters not generally understood. It might often be the duty of an individual to protest against the decisions of those who had been accepted as the natural guides of the community, and to uphold a higher standard of action ; such protest was to be regarded merely as an assertion — which might or might not be well-

founded—of that individual's being a truer representative, in regard to the question at issue, of the faculty of conscience in the social constitution, than those who had acted hitherto as its exponents. It was not to be forgotten that all classes were divided in themselves among the virtuous and the immoral—answering to the facts relating to the double moral constitution of the individual man—and the class of those fitted to form a judgment on the moral bearing of national actions, not less so than others. Then, though the voice of the conscience be not uncertain, it is easily stifled. In actual fact, some of the proper guardians of the moral sense of a community often ranged themselves, doubtless, contrary to their convictions, while others failed in their duty of asserting it from not recognizing their responsibilities. Among a people whose government was badly organized, the true exponents of the national conscience might even be found holding aloof from public affairs on principle, without any consciousness of their true vocation. Godwyn believed, however, that persons or a person existed in every commonwealth to whom that office—as in Bunyan's quaint account of Mr. Recorder's right position in the town of Mansoul—was due, by divine right.

“You mean, naturally occupying in politics the position towards the State, of prophets among the ancient Jews,” observed Colonel Langdon.

“Yes,” said Godwyn; “but in modern times there are very few instances of their being conscious of their office. I think I could indicate individuals who, having left on record their enlightened convictions, would appear to have been the exponents of the national conscience of the English. That is not to say that they were all faithful to their duty. I will mention a few that I feel most confident about: Lord Bacon, Milton, Bishop Butler—I should not have thought of him before reading these remains of his—Locke, Dr. Johnson, Burke, the poet Wordsworth, Prince Albert, too, I think—though not English born. Shakespeare seems, in his historic plays, to indicate generally an individual who was, to the England of his day, ‘as is the conscience of a saint amid his warring members.’”

“If there is truth in your idea,” said Colonel Langdon, “I have been thinking I could lay my finger on the man who occupies that position in South Carolina to-day,* at least the

*At present it would not be so easy as in 1870 to say upon whom that prophet-mantle rests.

man who, on a question of political action, could best be trusted to decide what was right."

He then admitted that such a theory as Godwyn's, if generally accepted, would tend to increase the sense of definite responsibilities in the exercise of civil rights — a most desirable consummation, since in this country men had been too much disposed to consider rights as separate from duties. He also admitted that what Godwyn had said as to the manner in which classes, and even individuals, might be considered as corresponding to different faculties, exercising different functions, in the personality of a State, was an answer to several objections against this theory, besides the one he had urged.

"Yet," said he, "there is another failure in the analogy between individuals and nations, which is also embodied in that saying, 'corporations have no souls;' it is the finite existence of the one, compared with the immortal duration which, if we accept the Christian faith, we assign to the other. True, as you remarked once before, the State, as identified with the people, is longer lived than as identified with the form of government. Still, its existence, like that of the earth-spirits in German folklore, is bounded, at most, by some hundreds of

years,—it terminates with the present scheme of things.”

“Why should we presume that?” said Godwyn. “The subject, of course, admits of no proof; but why may there not be a resurrection of nations in the world beyond this?—of nations purified from the taint of evil, realizing the perfection of their ideal being, so that—while all that is narrowing in the earthly sentiment of patriotism is done away—scope may still be allowed for the exercise of that noble virtue?”

“Scope will be allowed,” said Colonel Langdon; “but our allegiance will be transferred to a new and better country.”

“May not the old sentiment be incorporated into the new?” asked Godwyn. “What part of our nature is it that makes the strongest appeal for immortality? Is it not the affections? The idea of the recognition of those dear to us, is inseparable from that of continued existence; we do violence to our instincts in attempting to part them,—‘whatever dies, love lives, I feel and know;’ but our country is more to some of us than a beloved friend.”

“The power of loving will live in us, doubtless,” said Colonel Langdon; “but that it will spend itself on the same objects, we have no

positive ground for hoping, and, indeed, except in exceptional cases, I know not if it be even desirable. We are leaving the domain of reason for that of speculation here; and revelation gives us nothing positive on these points."

"There is a prediction," said Godwyn, "that the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of Our Lord and of His Christ, and another that the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of the prophetic city of God."

"Those passages may be interpreted differently," said Colonel Langdon.

"The author of the universe," said Godwyn, "in unfolding new forms of life in the progress of creation, seems to work by the further development of already existing types, rather than by the construction of new. If the universe be all consistent with itself—as we must suppose the most reasonable conjecture—then the same method of advance must characterize the new and spiritualized order of things upon which we enter at death. It seems as if nothing really good could be permitted to be lost; it must find a place in that new order; there must be

‘A second birth

For all that is most perfect upon earth—
Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty—’

and it is my hope that a brotherhood of nationalities—even those which have become endeared to us in this incomplete mode of our being—may be among the things found worthy to survive the present economy.”

“I must consider it unlikely,” said Colonel Langdon, “that any but purely spiritual relations will be continued in another life.”

Godwyn maintained that all natural relations had their spiritual side; that they admitted of being spiritualized, and, if so, might partake of immortality; it was not unreasonable, but natural, to expect their further development beyond the grave; and the ties that linked together in national life on earth, individuals who were to partake of immortality, might be found as worthy to survive in them as any other relationship into which they had been brought on earth.

“I admit to you,” said Colonel Langdon, “that there may be an antecedent probability, if the analogy between nations and individuals be found perfect in other respects, that it will not fail in this. It amounts to no more than a possibility—still it destroys the force of some objections against your theory. There are others which I have not yet urged.”

He would have proceeded to do so, but the

coolness of the night-fall was beginning to make itself felt, and broke off their conversation by driving them into the house, where, around the hall-fire, as usual at this time of the evening, the child-element of the household was asserting itself, supreme for the time.

CHAPTER VII.

“Given back to life, to life indeed, thro’ thee,
Indeed I love; the new day comes, the light
Dearer for night.—

My doubts are dead,
My haunting sense of hollow shows:—

Dear,

Look up and let thy nature strike on mine,
Like yonder morning on the blind half-world:
Approach and fear not; breathe upon my brows;
In that fine air I tremble, all the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour.”

[TENNYSON'S "PRINCESS."

Godwyn had hitherto had no direct opportunities of informing Isabel of his sentiments, or of arriving at hers, upon other topics than those towards which his conversations with her father had been directed; but, the day after the last related conversation, the little girls proposed his accompanying them to the top of

one of the heights behind the house, which they had honored with the name of Isabel's Alp, and Isabel consented to make one of the party,—thus giving him a chance of conversation which he had long desired.

After, perhaps, a quarter of an hour's climbing, they reached one of those huge, bare rocks which are found, here and there, as if to afford an unobstructed view for the special convenience of sight-seers, in the midst of the close woods that, for the most part, cover these mountains. All found seats and rested some minutes in silence, contemplating the scene spread out before them.

The sun was still at some distance above the horizon ; but his rays, seemingly to strike the higher mountains from a level, brought out in rich relief the autumnal crimson and gold of the trees upon the nearer heights, and bathed the more distant in purple and pink glories ; it was one of those rare transfigurations of nature which fill those who are thoroughly accustomed to mountain scenery with as deep astonishment and delight as those to whom it has before been unknown. But the intense beauty of such sights soon becomes almost oppressive to all but those who possess souls long cultured in the higher reverences. Children—even

those gifted with high imaginative powers—are apt to grow restless under such mysteriously solemn revelations of loveliness; thus Una presently manifested an inclination to shake off the spell of silence which had fallen upon them all. She made a proposition, which it would have been as childish to resent as to make, that they should see who could throw stones farthest down to the bottom of the rock. Godwyn and Isabel not following up this amusement with the ardor she desired, she suggested another diversion—that they should leave this place and go to a certain little cave, not far off, from which no view, she admitted, but a splendid echo, was to be had. Neither of the two, however, were to be persuaded into this expedition, and Una at length set off on it with only her ever-faithful Amy *en attendance*, rather piqued at the non-attendance of Alfred—for so she as well as all the rest of the family, with the exception of Isabel, had now learned to call him—with her wishes.

Left alone, the two sat for some time in silence,—Isabel, absorbed in the beautiful and continually changing effects of the waning sunlight, Godwyn in the consciousness of being, for the first time, alone with her. Yet he could not be insensible to what was going on around

him. He quite understood that the frankly sweet, momentary glances which she responded to the looks he directed towards her, were her answers to what she understood as appeals for sympathy in his admiration; but he found this conversation of the eyes sufficiently pleasant to have been willing to let it continue indefinitely, without recourse to words. It was she who at length broke the silence.

“Is not all this wonderful?” she said. “One scarcely feels that it is real, but as if in the midst of a dream.”

“I rather feel as if it might be a glimpse into what is more real than life, no dream,” he went on vaguely—“after all, sometimes I think dreams are the most real things in life. Of course there are dreams and dreams—those that must fade, and those that must grow into reality, if one is earnest enough in dreaming.”

“You remind me of a speech I heard papa make about philosophers; they are called dreamers until it is proved that they have dreamed to good purpose; and it is not always easy to distinguish them from mere visionaries.”

“It is too much to expect,” said Godwyn, “that the world should respect and believe in any man’s dreams before they have realized themselves. Why should he expect it, when

it is sometimes difficult for him to keep his own faith in them?"

"But you never lose yours, do you?"

"One gets out of heart at times," he said. He spoke in a dejected tone, unusual with him; struck suddenly with a more than usual sense of Isabel's extraordinary loveliness, it seemed impossible that she could ever consent to be his; if this new vision were to fail of realization, all his old high dreams and ambitions, he felt, would seem of no account, whether he realized them or not.

"Often," he went on, "I fear I have aimed at what is beyond reach—what cannot be actually realized."

Isabel quoted:

"Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be;
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

"Do you bid me follow that rule?" said Godwyn eagerly.

"I don't want you to lose faith in your dreams. I think—yes, I am sure, they are noble ones, and I want you to realize them all."

"Suppose I tell you"—he stammered, as usual when excited—"It depends on you whether one—the brightest of all—"

“How could it?” She did not fairly catch his words, and—confused by his manner even more than his stammering—felt only an impulse to stop him. “No; of course you will have to work them out by yourself. A friend cannot help you—except perhaps a little, by trying to keep you from losing heart.”

Just at this moment, the voices of the children were heard in the distance, rousing the echoes by calling their names; afterwards, in recalling the conversation, while blaming himself for his want of self-possession, and thinking of graceful methods in which he might have made himself better understood, he was fain to hope that it was a good omen, their names being pronounced together and mingling their echoes just at this point; but at the time, confused, in his turn, by her utter failure in comprehending his meaning, he could not venture further in explaining himself.

Silence ensued, which Isabel was again the first to break, as she looked at the progress of the setting sun.

“There is a pretty saying I have heard of an Indian’s,” said she: “‘The Great Spirit, when he painted the flowers, wiped his brushes on the sky.’”

“It is as if the artist who has just put the

finishing touches to the landscapes before us, was about to do that now," said Godwyn, "and yet—judging from the busy preparations, the fine massings of the clouds going on—this will not be one of those sunsets that resemble the careless dashing and blending together of colours on a palette,—we seem about to witness a magnificent ceremonial, with carefully studied effects of detail."

"There seems a sort of rivalry between the earth and sky which shall present the most beautiful tints, this evening," Isabel remarked.

"But, bright as the autumn hues are, it is the reflection which lends their chief glory," said Godwyn; "and we might take this shifting heavenward of the gorgeousness of color, as the day closes, for a sort of parable."

Here the gay voices of the children, returning from the cave, interrupted the tête-a-tête. They had tired themselves by running back and, now throwing themselves on the rock beside Isabel, rested their heads in her lap. The clouds assuming some fanciful forms, the conversation dropped into finding resemblance in them to all manner of objects.

"There is an old castle," said Una, after a bear-hunt, a sea-piece and an alligator had been admired.

“And there is a fairy prince with a golden mantle, riding up to it,” said Godwyn.

“It is more like a lady,” said Amy.

“Well, we will call her an errant-princess—a sort of Britomart,” said Godwyn, “coming to the rescue of a captive knight.”

He had amused himself, as well as the children, by inventing several fairy-tales, on former occasions, and it was no wonder that, upon this opening, Una insisted on his making another.

“Do,” said Isabel, “I really want very much to hear one of your stories—Una has given me such descriptions of them.”

“Well, I will do my best,” he said. “I am not sure, Una, that I don’t see a little imp of a fairy-tale peeping out of the window of your castle. You may find it has dressed itself up,” he added, addressing Isabel—“with some scraps of our tale about dreams and dreams.”

He then related the following :

STORY OF DREAMLAND.

There was once a Prince for whom a being related to the fairies and named Musa, had stood godmother. I am not sure whether this was a lucky thing for him or not; Musa has often been charged with being a betrayer of her favourites; on the other hand, it is said she

never betrays any one who has not first betrayed her. She always seemed gracious to the Prince and wanted to have him all to herself, to be brought up as her own son.

This offer was not accepted for the Prince. It was thought such an education would hardly fit him for the difficulties he would probably have to contend with in life; for his inheritance was small, and lay in the midst of a country distracted by revolutions, so that he was liable to be dethroned at any moment.

"At least I must insist on having occasional visits from him," said Musa, when this was explained. "Remember, boy, you have a standing invitation to my palace in Dreamland. I shall be always ready at your call, to take you there when you wish."

Afterwards, she presented him with a winged horse that could take him there without any difficulty, and, whenever he got into trouble, or wished to be entertained by her company he would set off on a visit to her realms. In this way Dreamland—at least that part of it which was the domain of his friend, which was called the Land of Good Dreams—became as familiar to him as his own home.

It was full of the most beautiful scenery. The sky was bluer, the grass greener, and the

flowers fairer, than in our world. The people were all good, the men brave, and the women beautiful. But there were strange drawbacks; the scenery had a way of shifting,—indeed it could be changed at will. This was not unpleasant, if you wished it changed; but if you did not, it was not agreeable to have it suddenly fade and melt away, as often happened—it gave an impression of want of solidity. Then the people had a peculiar way of vanishing, if you looked at them too hard—you could scarcely satisfy yourself that they were real people.

Owing to these things, the Prince was never altogether content with Dreamland, or willing to remain over a certain length of time. “Nothing is quite real,” he would say, with a sigh. Yet, in spite of this feeling, he sometimes enjoyed his visits extremely. Musa understood how to adapt herself, and the amusements she provided for him, to his moods, and her society became more and more attractive as he grew older. After the splendors with which he had been surrounded in her palace, the real world often seemed common-place and tame.

Many strange adventures befell him during his visits to Dreamland. Some of them, indeed, were of a frightful character. These had oc-

curred when, as a little child, playing hide-and-seek with the Dream-children, or, following the pleasures of the chase, when older, he had chanced to cross the boundary line which separated Musa's territory from the Land of Bad Dreams. The latter was under the control of an evil spirit, who had put a spell on the ground, so that any one who set his foot on it, became rooted to it, like a tree, unable to stir, or to resist the attacks of the monsters who roamed about that land, and who could change their shape at will, like Musa's subjects, only that these were horrible creatures. He must have been a brave man who was not frightened by them,—or still more, by the apparition of the evil spirit himself, as he would come charging along, mounted on a horse of the night-mare species, at any one who had unfortunately strayed into his dominions. He disliked Musa and seemed to have contracted a spite against the Prince, who barely escaped with his life, several times, from his realms, and then only by the aid of Musa; though she had little power outside of her own kingdom.

As the Prince grew older, Musa began to instruct him in the arts she always teaches her favourites. There have been men who have attained through her a wonderful power, by

which all they touched in the unsubstantial realms of Dreamland, became no longer capable of change, losing that unsatisfactory character which had often distressed the Prince; thus they had often won, for our world, large inheritances out of those strange and shifting regions; they had also been able to confer enduring character and immortality on some of the people of Dreamland, and brought them down to be loved and admired on earth.

The Prince tried to learn this art and acquired some knowledge of its difficulties from Musa's lessons. By way of testing his own proficiency, he used to pluck flowers out of Musa's garden and take them home with him on his return from Dreamland; but though he succeeded in bringing them down to the common world, they often looked changed and ugly, so that he had to throw them aside as worthless.

Another inducement for him to pass more and more time in Dreamland, was that he had set his affections on a Dream-maiden. His friends, wishing him to give up his constant visits there, thought that if he could fall in love, there might be attraction for him at home; one young lady after another was thrown in his way by them. None made a conquest

of his heart, because the Dream-maiden was much more charming than any of them.

She was a capricious creature; the colour of her eyes and hair were continually changing; and it was the same with her name and manners, her height, her figure and complexion. If she suspected the Prince of a passing admiration for any one else, she could instantly assume a resemblance to this rival,—at the same time displaying beauty so superior to hers that his wavering heart returned to its allegiance; or she would succeed in re-attracting him by suddenly coming out in an altogether new style of beauty, with every characteristic unlike that of the young lady she wished to out-shine.

Now there was one who could have released the Princess from her coquettish arts; this was a Princess whose name was Fairer-than-Dreams, whose inheritance lay in the same land as the principality to which he was heir. By the force of her charms, she could easily have overcome his passion for the Dream-maiden; but he knew nothing about her, as yet.

Meantime a great war came on and put everything else out of his head, for a time. He took part on the unsuccessful side and lost his inheritance in consequence.

Once, when he and a few others who still remained faithful to the cause they had espoused, were consulting how to carry on the war, the banner they had followed was suddenly caught up by an invisible hand and borne up into the clouds.

“Let us follow it still,” cried the Prince,—and he rushed in the direction in which it had disappeared.

He presently found himself alone in his pursuit; still he would not stop, but followed on, up hill and down dale, till at last, in the midst of a lonely desert, he was suddenly unable to stir a step in any direction. He had, in fact, unwittingly crossed the boundaries of Dream-land, not through the Vale of Sleep or by the beautiful Gate of Fancy, his usual entrances into the pleasant land reigned over by his God-mother; but he had approached, by the unsuspected mountain-pass of False Hopes, the domain of his old enemy, the evil spirit, who, when he became aware of the fact, sent some of his guards to take him prisoner. As the Prince, being under the power of enchantment, could not overcome them, they carried him off to the stronghold of the evil spirit, the Castle of Hopelessness, where he was thrown into a dungeon.

There he lay a long while. His friends and

others made efforts to rescue him, but all proved unsuccessful.

Now the same revolution in which he had lost his inheritance, had also sent the Princess Fairer-than-Dreams into exile,—by the way, she was his far-away cousin; royal families are apt to be related to each other, you know.

“I am glad I ventured to put that in,” thought Godwyn to himself afterwards. That Isabel noticed it, he was certain, for she suddenly turned her head in another direction, so that he could not see it very well, and did not once look at him afterwards. Afraid he had gone too far, he hurried on with his allegory, but could not, as the reader will see, avoid the temptation of forcing her a second time to see its personal application.

The princess took refuge in a remote alley, where, one day, she chanced to meet three old women sitting in the sun and spinning with old-fashioned distaffs. They were the Fates; and when the Princess met them, they chanced to be busy with the destiny of our Prince. They were disputing whether to lengthen out the span of his life by twisting in a golden thread with the strand of flax, as thin as a hair,

by which he still held on to existence, or to cut it short.

"Let her decide," said one of them, as she spied the Princess.

"Decide what?" Fairer-than-Dreams asked.

The only answer she received was: "Follow us."

She followed, not knowing where they were leading her, till she came to the castle where the Prince was imprisoned. She had passed through the land of Bad Dreams without feeling the enchantment, because she was protected by her guard—I forgot to mention them before—consisting of three invincible maiden warriors. One of these bore a cross, one an anchor, and one a golden shield, shaped like a heart; and these charms were stronger than the enchantments of the evil spirit, who did not dare to oppose the progress of the Princess. Following the Fates therefore, she passed on unhurt through the very walls of his castle, and of the dungeon of the Prince, who gazed at her with wonder.

Then one of the Fates put into her hand a golden cup, containing a clear, sparkling liquid.

"It is the cup of Nepenthe," said she. "You may choose whether you will give it to him to drink, or pour it out to waste on the ground."

The Prince went on his knees to her. He quite understood who the strange old women were, and that they had committed his happiness to the decision of the Princess. He knew, too, the virtues of the water of Nepenthe. It differs from that of Lethe in this: that it does not drown the memory of past sorrows, but changes them to present joys.

This divine drink is described by Spencer:

“Nepenthe is a drink of sovereign grace,
Devised by the gods for to assuage
Heart's grief, and bitter gall away to chase,
Which stir up anger and contentious rage;
Instead whereof sweet peace and quietage
It doth establish in the troubled mind
Few men but such as sober are, and sage,
Are by the gods to drink of it assigned;
But such as drink, eternal happiness do find!”

Godwyn paused.

“Go on,” cried Una. “Of course she gave him the cup!”

“I am not sure,” said he. “Miss Langdon shall say.”

The dusk could not conceal from him that she blushed

“I think,” she said, trying to speak unconstrainedly, “it would be better to make your Prince work his way out of prison himself

one's destiny does not really depend so entirely on the will of another."

"Is it not so in life?" he asked. "Is not our destiny—our happiness, at least—made dependent on others?"

"No! no!" she said quickly.

"Then you decide that the Princess should deny him the draught."

"O, Isabel! Don't be horrid!" cried Una.

"End it your own way, Mr. Godwyn," said Isabel,—then, catching herself up, "that is,—I mean it is no matter."

"Well—I will end it in my own way," said Godwyn, and he went on:

Then she gave him the cup, and after he had drank of it, he was free, and they went hand-in-hand back to the world. Afterwards, by the help of Musa, a beautiful home was built for them, where they were to live happy ever after.

"We must go,—it is getting late," said Isabel, rising and leading the way towards the Châlet.

Amy put her hand in hers, and Una siezed and kept Alfred's, so that he had no opportunity, until they reached home, of speaking to Isabel, without being overheard by them;

but, just as they were entering the house, he managed to do so.

"It does matter," he said, "what the end of the story is to be."

It was impossible, after this, for her to continue altogether blind to his real feelings, and not to begin to analyze her own. But her varied occupations left her little time for self-scrutiny, and maidenly delicacy rendered her averse to considering as if it were serious what might have been meant lightly. Yet she could not feel as much at ease, now that the element of self-consciousness had been roused, as she had felt before.

She was very shy and distant with him for a day or two, and, while something told him that no great harm had been done, he was careful not to startle her again at this time. He saw that he had not yet sufficient reason for forcing an explanation, and made up his mind not to do so until the end of his visit to the Langdons.

The next day, John Langdon proposed taking him on a hunting expedition. His idea of a thoroughly good time was a bivouac of several days in the woods, and he felt that he must offer that enjoyment to his friend during his visit. He proposed taking a tent, one of his

farm hands to wait upon them, and a mule for the baggage, and for Godwyn to ride, upon occasion.

Godwyn was reluctant to leave the Châlet, but it would have been ungracious to refuse what had been planned for his amusement; and he not only enjoyed himself thoroughly, but returned greatly the better for the trip.

"He is certainly very handsome," said Mrs. Langdon, the day after his return; "I hardly thought so before, but I see it now.

"I notice a difference in his step," said Colonel Langdon; "there is more vigor in it, and in the sound of his voice,—his laugh is like a boy's."

"It is strange how boyish he is in many ways," his daughter went on; "somehow he seems as much on a level with the children as with grown people; and yet, when he is talking with you, I think I never saw one so old for his years."

"Perhaps it is his poet temperament," observed Colonel Langdon.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Little they dream, those haughty souls
Whom empires own on bended knee,
What lowly fate their own controls,
Together linked by Heaven's decree.”

—KEBLE.

It was true that Godwyn seemed equally at home in playing with the children or arguing with Col Langdon; but his deepest heart was in the subject on which their discussions have been given. To that their conversations always tended. The day after his return from the hunting expedition, it was resumed, almost at the point where they had dropped it, some days since.

“While you were gone, I kept turning over your theory in my mind,” said the blind man, “and, I confess to you, even granting its correctness,—that is, that the analogy between States and individuals, under the present economy, is perfect,—I see no grounds for hoping that good is to come out of evil to the South at present. It is only for those who have accepted Christ, and that not in name only, that we are justified, by revelation, in believing that all

events shall work for good. Now, we may be called a Christian people, and, if, by that expression, it is merely meant that Christianity in its purest forms is the prevailing religion, I grant the right to the name; but I must deny it, if the term is meant to imply that the popular character is imbued with the spirit of Christianity, that we are, in short, a Christianized people. In my opinion no people on earth has a right to the title of Christian in this sense—in which the acceptance of Christ into the national heart, not merely by profession, is implied.”

He qualified this by proceeding to say that he only meant to deny the title as not proven. He admitted that the same considerations which should restrain us from pronouncing too decidedly upon the absence of religious feeling in an individual, might withhold us in deciding upon a nation's claim to be called Christian. It was odious presumption in certain religionists to undertake, as they did, to pronounce upon the religious status of others. We cannot always judge, by the degree in which it appears to influence action, of the reality of faith; that principle might exist, in its feeble beginnings, in many a heart, although it did not make itself evident to our necessarily superficial ob-

servation of the outward life; the conduct which in one man might evidence a want of faith might, in another, be a real, though imperfect victory of the principle of faith. " 'Tis He, who knows the heart alone, decidedly can try us." On the other hand, where the life gives no ground for hope that the mysterious regenerating agency, which we call faith, is at work, we have no right to do more than merely suspend our judgment, as upon a point in which we have no jurisdiction.

Colonel Langdon further maintained that no nation, as a nation, could be said to have been prompted in any given national action by the Christian, as distinguished from the natural motives. Take the British—the most favorable instance, he considered, that could be selected, since, in it, Christianity seemed to have reached a higher form of development than in any other. Selfish interest was the avowed motive allowed, in national actions, to overbear all others,—than which nothing could be more contrary to the conception of Christian character.

"Not that it is a wrong, or distinctly unchristian motive," said Godwyn, "as Butler clearly shows."

"Certainly not, if it is a subordinate one," said Colonel Langdon.

Motives, he went on, as Butler suggests, may be noble, virtuous, and even religious, without being distinctively Christian. Far from disdaining them, Christianity continually appeals to the natural motives; for instance, regard to self-interest; it does not teach that we are to neglect that. It, indeed, insists that the higher interests of self shall be preferred to the lower; but this natural religion also inculcates,—ancient philosophers were strenuous upon this point. But the distinctively Christian motive is the desire of conformity to the character of Christ. Christianity calls in the motive power of a personal attachment to the embodiment of pure goodness, to draw men's hearts to that towards which the consideration of their better interests had been found inadequate to attract them. The Christian motive would lead us in the same direction as a highly educated natural sense of right. It was intended gradually to supersede the natural motives—which it would only allow to influence us in a secondary manner.

The existence of this desire of conformity to Christ in the heart, proceeded Colonel Langdon, was the essence of the Christian life; but, that it acts upon any but a small minority of the human race, we have no grounds whatever

to affirm ; in regard to the majority, even of the most Christian of peoples, we have no right to assume that they are even influenced by this characteristically Christian motive, or, consequently, for indulging in hopes that the whole, or even the greater part of any nation, shall, by the divine transmuting agency, on which individuals are entitled to rely, reap only benefit from the changes and chances of this life.

“ You said,” said Godwyn, “ that a whole people could not be considered in any instance to have been swayed by that motive, and I admit that they may not, consciously ; and yet their leaders may surely be influenced by it, and the whole people through them ; thus the Christian motive may colour and influence national action. You do not doubt, sir, that, in our late war, many of our public men—the most prominent, I may say—were prompted in what they did by their conceptions of Christian duty ? ”

“ No doubt ! ” said Colonel Langdon. “ Indeed, I like to think that the men who had most influence in that movement in the South, and who must hereafter be considered to characterize it, were deeply conscientious and, for the most part, Christian men. But the infer-

ence I draw is simply that it was the tendency of our former State Constitutions to throw power into trustworthy hands,—as Calhoun declares must be the case with governments founded on correct principles. Yet the class to whom you refer, by no means constituted the majority; and, even if they did constitute it, are not to be confounded with the whole people.”

“ But, though not to be confounded with the whole, surely, Colonel Langdon, there are cases and senses in which a part often stands correctly for the whole. Is it not conceivable that, in virtue of even a small minority, a whole nation may be accounted as Christians? You admitted that the Christian faith might often exist in individuals, though so feebly as to be imperceptible, and, where it had manifested itself in a man, even by slight indications, I suppose you would not refuse the name Christian to him, though his faith might be overshadowed, at times, by various other opposing principles which still influenced him. If it be real, it will, in time, dominate over the whole being, like the leaven hid in the meal. Now the principle of faith, I consider, exists in the national life so soon as Christianity has attained sufficient hold to form a self-supporting and

distinct element in it; other opposing principles continue to work in the national heart,—but, as soon as this element is fairly perceptible—and surely, in the case of our own people, it is far more than that—I look upon it as giving character to the whole.”

“I recollect a remark of the friend whom I have quoted before,” said Colonel Langdon, “which may apply here, though he was referring to a very different subject—the Christian doctrine of the atonement. He said: ‘The justice of the substitution of persons, the imputing the guilt or righteousness of one to another, is not altogether comprehensible by our faculties; but we can approximate to understanding that it might be just, by putting some such case as this: given that one person yields up the judgment and will, out of love to another—as a wife often, to a husband—so that the opinions are moulded and the actions directed by him—we must admit that that other is fairly held responsible, in place of the first. In the same way, Christ may become responsible for those who yield to him an undivided homage of the will, and his righteousness may be imputed to them.’ This sort of substitution, you perceive, implies an identification of the will of the two parties. Now I think it is an

objection to your idea of making the Christian element of the nation stand for the whole, that there could be no such supposed identification between the parties."

"You will understand that I do not mean that it could stand for the whole, Colonel Langdon, at all in the sense of its atoning for the rest, as we believe that Christ atones for sin. That is the exclusive prerogative of his divine perfection. But the Christian element may represent the nation, just as the nobler ideal of a man's character, obscured and struggling in him against his baser self, represents the man at his possible true value."

"I have thought, since reading those essays of yours," said Colonel Langdon, "that the conception of the double moral nature, as existing perhaps in nations as well as individuals, was interesting."

"The possible purely perfect, as well as the possible purely evil development," said Godwyn, "appears to me inseparable from the idea of a national character. They find their expression in typical individuals at every stage of a nation's life. It seems to me the French people present such types in particularly strong contrasts. I suppose it is from their tendency to rush to extremes."

“Voltaire’s saying that the Frenchman is a combination of a tiger and an ape, immediately recurs to the mind,” said Colonel Langdon.

“And Robespierre as the embodiment of the worst side of French character,” said Godwyn; “but, on the other hand, what noble specimens of humanity were—to present the first names that occur from St. Louis down—Bayard, Coligny, Sully, Fénelon, Vincent de Paul, Montalambert! And French women present the same violently contrasted types.”

“Of the actual Frenchman,” said Colonel Langdon, “Voltaire himself, perhaps, is the truest representative.”

“You mean a representative of the average moral level?”

“Yes. His character presents some points for admiration as well as reprobation, and he is always intensely French.”

“But I cannot think,” said Godwyn, “that the average man is to be regarded as the true representative of a people. We should judge of a nation as we judge of a plant, not by cankered or imperfect specimens, but by the consummate flower.”

“Judge of the Southern people by General Lee!” said Colonel Langdon. “Would that we might!”

“Indeed, if—as you suggested—” said Godwyn, “love may so identify different personalities as to make it just that the qualities of one should be imputed to others, we may fairly claim to be represented by him. Our people are intensely loyal to him.”

Might it not be given to such individuals, he asked, to sustain in themselves the character of the whole people? Might not the whole people, in their person, reap the benefit of whatever beneficial discipline might be found in poverty and other distressing present evils of our condition, imitating Wordsworth’s Happy Warrior,

“Who, doomed to go in company with pain
And fear and bloodshed, miserable train,
Turns his necessity to glorious gain,—
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature’s highest dower,
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence and their good receives?”

“I believe,” he proceeded, “that such individuals—the highest development and expression of the national existence—may just as legitimately exercise Christian virtues in behalf of a whole people as parents are permitted to exercise faith in behalf of little children in bringing them to baptism. But why do I say

may? I believe they are actually doing so at present in behalf of the Southern people. A beautiful example is to be found in the person of a late noble Bishop, South Carolina's gift to Georgia,—as may be seen in the series of discourses called, in a prefatory notice, his 'Last Will and Testament,' in reference to the political troubles of the country."

"I am struck with your instancing Bishop Elliott," said Colonel Langdon. "I was informed by the friend whom I have quoted so often, who was his brother-in-law, that he maintained a theory similar to yours, in opposition to his opinions, and that they had often argued the question together,—though I cannot tell you his line of argument. He looked—as you appear to do—for the gradual regeneration of nations through the increase of the number of righteous persons—the Christian element—in them."

"I could have divined that, I think," said Godwyn, "from his remains. But it gratifies me to be assured of it."

The conversation digressed, for a little, into personal anecdotes of that remarkable man, the admiration of all who knew him. Colonel Langdon resumed the discussion by saying:

"The present phase of our history—even

upon your theory—is one in which the lower nature has, for the time, obtained the ascendancy in the national life. That ascendancy must be expected to continue while the present form of the State governments remains unchanged*; it is that of absolute democracy, and—as Calhoun demonstrates—it is the direct tendency of such governments to relegate the better class of persons to private life and to throw power into unprincipled hands. This has been the tendency in the Northern States—to which our constitutions have now been assimilated—since the formation of the Union,—though various causes, acting as restraints, have prevented their effects from being even

*This opinion was formed at the time this book was written, when there seemed no prospect of the white people's recovery of the controlling power in the South for a long period. In the first flush of the triumph of 1877—which was to the white people of South Carolina what the Restoration was to the Cavalier party in England—the forebodings here indicated were forgotten; but the course of events recalled and deepened the conviction that only a temporary respite from the evils of misgovernment was the result of that triumph. The happy opportunity has since occurred of so again re-constructing the Constitution of that State that it has again become a government of concurrent majorities—however differently arranged from formerly—instead of a despotism of the absolute majority.

yet generally recognized. In the South, the homogeneous nature of the lower class,—the opposite of theirs, which is particularly complex in its divisions—promoted the rapid development of the legitimate results of such governments in the shocking farces being enacted at present in the Southern legislatures and courts of so-called justice. The triumph of the conservative element might, for a time, check abuses; but unless it was signalized by a re-introduction of the principles of true constitutional government, it could only end in the corruption of that element, and would be no permanent subject of congratulation. You will remember the passage in which Calhoun declares that neither religion nor education can prevent the mass of men from becoming corrupted under the government of an absolute democracy?”

“The task of restoring the destroyed balance of governmental agencies may prove more delicate and difficult than that of our fathers in the first construction of our government,” said Godwyn. “I believe it the duty of the white people of the South to set before themselves a definite purpose of this kind as the chief end of a return to power.”

“It is exceedingly unlikely that they would

understand how to effect that purpose, even in the improbable event of their accession to power," said the blind man.

"You will remember, Colonel Langdon, that other passage in Calhoun," said Godwyn, "where, after observing that the deliberate construction of constitutional governments or the restoration of them, when destroyed, seemed a work that had hitherto surpassed human sagacity, so that such as had appeared seemed to have grown rather out of fortuitous concurrence of circumstances than conscious effort,—he traces the hand of Providence in the formation of our own system? I believe its restoration will be more apt to be the consequence of some similar concurrence of circumstances,* after all, than of the deliberate wisdom of the leaders of any party."

"The inference that Providence is shaping the course of human events for the benefit of our people, drawn from the history of the establishment of the government," said Colonel Langdon, "might be contradicted, by the overthrow, or rather the transformation it has undergone."

It may be permitted to the writer to say that the course of after events seemed strangely to confirm the line of argument here imputed to Godwyn.

“If the hand of Providence is discernible as working for the good of an individual, in even one event of his life,” said Godwyn, “that, I take it, affords grounds for hope that subsequent occurrences may be ordered or overruled for his benefit.”

“The truth is,” said Colonel Langdon, “that all events are open to various interpretations, so that no possible concatenation in the present system of things is to be considered as of unmixed good or evil bearing. For while the obvious direct tendency of a thing might be only evil, the indirect might be to moral advantage. Circumstances are fortunate or unfortunate, not so much in themselves, as in the way we take them, and may be made to work us good or ill accordingly. For this reason, it is to the eye of faith only, that Providence is clearly discernible in the life of any individual.”

“You mean that we can only argue the intention of Providence from results,—but were not the results of the establishment of our government beneficial for nearly eighty years? The blessings of good government would have to be withdrawn for at least an equal period, before we could fairly cast a doubt on the design of Providence in allowing it to be established.”

“I own I think you make a point here,” said Colonel Langdon. “The beneficent intention seems as plain as it would be reasonable to expect.”

“I think it cannot be denied,” said Godwyn, “that the history of our people, till within the last five years, presents a remarkable picture of moral advance. But it was not to have been expected that this should continue uninterrupted. The law of progress in the spiritual life is happily compared, in a recent religious work I have come across here, to the movement of the tide as it comes in, now and then obviously gaining ground through a forward wave,—yet a proportionate retreat ever seeming to succeed the advance. Now, in a national existence, a period of more than one generation may count for no more than the space of the recessional movement of one wave of an advancing tide; and as—in the case of an individual—it might be difficult, between the waves, for a man himself, or for others, to know whether he was really, upon the whole, losing or gaining ground, still more it might be difficult in the case of a nation. In truth, in either man or nation, the upper current is all that is ever visible to our necessarily superficial observation; and, while that was visibly falling

back, a strong, resistant, forward movement might be going on beneath the surface."

"There is another passage still, in the volume to which I refer,"* said Godwyn, "which, it struck me, might be made to bear on the present aspects of our situation as a people. If you will permit me, I will read you the extract."

Colonel Langdon assenting, he found the book and read as follows:

"It has been said of the eagle,—and if natural history will not bear it out, the piety with which the fable has been applied serves to reconcile us to the fiction—that the parent bird practises the young to fly by dropping them, when half-fledged, from her wings; and that, when the breeze is proving too strong for them and their little pinions begin to flag and waver amid the resistance of the air, she swoops underneath them, having indeed never lost sight of them for an instant, and receives them again upon her own person, and sails on with them majestically as before. We have in the supposed fact a most true representative of the way in which God proves His children. The eagle, watching her young with keen eye, and sweeping beneath them with outstretched wing, as she sees them faint with exhaustion,—our Lord walking on the waters and stretching forth His hand to Peter when He saw him sinking—these similitudes give the exact idea of the relations between Christ and the tempted soul. If thou hast not yet finally abandoned the struggle; if thou

*Goulburn's Thoughts on Personal Religion.

hast again picked up thy resolve and taken heart for a new resistance,—why is it? This recovery, this pause in the downward career, was not of thyself. It was the Divine Eagle, swooping beneath her young, as drooping and baffled, they commenced a downward course; it was the Lord, stretching forth His saving hand and catching the poor disciple before altogether engulfed. The fact, than which nothing can be more certain, that He is looking on with keenest interest, while humbling thee and proving thee, to see what is in thine heart;—that He is at hand to give succour when he sees the right moment to have arrived, a little above thee in the sky or close at thy side upon the pillow;—that His Omnipotence, His Love, His Wisdom, are all engaged in administering the temptation, in meeting it out, in adjusting it to thy strength, in not allowing it to proceed to undue lengths—this of itself should prove a cordial to thy heart, and invigorate thee to pursue the course on which thou hast entered.”

“Now,” said Godwyn, “a Providential arrangement of circumstances, affording an opportunity for the restoration of good government, would be such a swooping of the Divine Eagle to the rescue of our people.”

This was the last time in which these discussions took the form of argument,—henceforth they were chiefly concerned in examining the manner in which Godwyn’s hypotheses might be applied, Colonel Langdon practically admitting that his chief objections against them had been so far met as to satisfy him that the

theory might be accepted without violence to reason. Godwyn himself, it may be remembered, had admitted the desirability of additional evidence in favor of his views, recognizing absolute certainty to be unattainable.

CHAPTER IX.

“ Oh ! call it Providence or fate,
The Sphynx propounds the riddle still
That man must bear or expiate
Loads of involuntary ill ;
So shall endurance ever hold
The foremost rank 'mid human needs,
Not without faith that God can mould
To good the dross of evil deeds.”

[LORD HOUGHTON.]

One afternoon Godwyn happened to come into the library when Isabel was reading to her father from Milton's Sonnets, and a conversation grew out of the circumstance. Colonel Langdon mentioned that they had been for some time reading Milton's prose and poetical works in connection with Masson's Life ; but he felt not sorry to be coming to an end ; for he found knotty, vexed questions continually being waked by his writings out of the rest in which he often now felt it best to let them re-

main, on the principle of letting sleeping dogs lie.

“This used to be my hour for recreative reading,” said he; “and previously—when we were engaged upon the lives of Scott, Southey and Wordsworth, in connection with their works—I found it answered the purpose. But I cannot say we have found the study of Milton altogether recreative, if the word be considered as synonymous with amusing, though no doubt parts of his writings may be styled recreative in a far higher sense.”

He then repeated in a manner neither Godwyn nor Isabel could ever forget, the noble sonnet “When I consider how my light is spent,” adding:

“I felt the grandeur of those lines long before my affliction made me appropriate them to myself. They have always appeared to me the finest uninspired conception of the proper attitude of the human soul towards the Creator—that of child-like acquiescence in his appointments, recognizing its own incapacity for perfect comprehension of the divine plan, yet using reason as a guide to such partial understanding of it as it may attain to.”

“I have taken the sonnet on his twenty-third birthday as a sort of motto for myself,” said Godwyn.

"You could not find a nobler," said Colonel Langdon. "The two together embody the spirit of a consecrated life in its active and passive phases. There is the high resolve:

'But be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
With that same lot, however mean or high,
Towards which time leads me and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my Great Taskmaster's eye,'

contrasted with the reflection:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

But let us see how—according to your favourite idea—such principles of action and feeling may be applied to political affairs."

"In my view," said Godwyn, "every private life in which the ends of being are truly fulfilled, that is to say which exhibits these aspects of passive and active co-operation with the Divine Will, is credited to the national existence of which it is the culmination."

"The moral of which is: Let each one strive after the highest pitch of virtue for his country's sake," said Colonel Langdon. "But what I want to arrive at, is what are the precise virtues which individuals among us are now particularly called upon to exercise in political

affairs in behalf of the South if—as you believe—they may do so with the hope that in, by and through them, the whole people may act and feel. Right feeling, and not action, seems to be what is just now required; they would seem to be chiefly called upon to exercise the high grace of forgiveness of the Northern people for the injuries they have inflicted upon us, and of submission of the will,—in regard to our desire to have a separate national government and in our attitude towards the Federal Government, where passivity is as much our policy as our duty.”

“But surely it should be a protesting passivity,” said Godwyn. “I feel it a pity that all our old oracles seem just now struck with dumbness.”*

“The former leaders of thought feel that what they say will be misinterpreted, if not by our own people, by the North.”

“Their silence will also be misinterpreted,” said Godwyn. “And they are not answerable for the consequences, if what they say is wrongly taken. I cannot but think it their duty, as citizens, to bear testimony against the present state of things. We would act unwisely in

*This, it will be remembered, refers to 1870.

neglecting General Lee's advice to abstain from political agitation in Federal affairs, but—"

"But just now our people are doing the very opposite," said Colonel Langdon. "This so-called Reform Movement,* at present on foot, is to me a most melancholy sign of the times. Its leaders are abandoning not only what may be called 'dead issues,' but all our former principles in political life. In reading the papers lately, the desperate course of the Democratic party recently, reminds me of the story told of the Russian mother who, being followed by a pack of wolves, while driving in a sledge with her little children, threw them, one by one, and even the babe from her arms, to stay the animals, and save her own miserable life."

"I assure you, Colonel Langdon, this campaign has not the character of a genuine popular movement. It is partly owing to the very silence on the part of our old leaders which I am lamenting, that our people have allowed themselves to be led to give it even a partial support. But, although this new departure is in a wrong direction, I must believe activity in organization in reference to State politics to be a part of the duty of the hour."

*The Reform Movement of 1870 was an attempt at a compromise between the Radicals and Democrats in South Carolina.

“We have not the same genius for organization that distinguishes the Northern people,” said Colonel Langdon. “They are our superiors in that respect.”

“I am not sure of that,” said Godwyn. “We have not yet learnt the value of it. There was not, at first, the same need for it among the settlers at the South that there was at the North; there were not the difficulties of nature and climate which forced people to work together, to be able to live at all; but, under the pressure of the problems we now have to face, we may learn to recognize the necessity of organization in all political affairs and prove ourselves their equals in that respect.”

“Perhaps the faculty for organization is in proportion to the intelligence, but still needs occasion to develop itself,—in which case it is very likely we may show ourselves their equals, in time—for we are certainly not their inferiors in natural intelligence; but, for the present, we must recognize their superiority in this respect,” said Colonel Langdon. “By the way, it may be well to consider, among the duties of the hour, that of cultivating a right feeling towards the Northern people. Bound to them as we are in spite of ourselves, few things seem more important to us than that we should learn to

regard them without prejudice. It is certainly the duty of private persons to check in themselves and their sphere of influence that contempt for the very name of Yankee, too common among us."

"Wordsworth says, 'he who feels contempt, hath faculties that he hath never used,' and I believe the same is true of one who desires revenge," said Godwyn. "As you know, my early childhood was passed at the North; and in spite of the war, I have a kindly regard for many Northern persons,—indeed it would be impossible for me—however I disapprove their course—to feel any bitterness against those who are associated with the bright remembrances of infancy. I have a very bad opinion of their society, since my visit to the North last winter; but it does not include personal prejudice against individuals; for I was delighted to meet two or three persons for whom I shall ever cherish a deep reverence. Few can feel exactly as I do; but I think I am not exceptional in at least wishing no ill to the North.

"Vindictiveness has never been a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon stock to which we belong," said Colonel Langdon; "and I believe the temptation to bear malice against the Northern people, to be really less than that of

so adapting ourselves to the present as to assimilate to them in their worst faults. As one ingredient of the love of right is indignation against wrong, forgiveness by no means requires us to ignore unrepented offences or to love in the offender the qualities which induced him to commit them. We should will them no evil, but good, without a pretence of ignoring their conduct towards us; but we must beware of injustice towards the Northern people. No doubt, there are many among them also who wish us no harm, but good; but the fruits of that sort of goodwill which is accompanied by thorough misunderstanding, are bitter enough. The cruelty with which their victory over us was used to reduce us to helplessness was the offspring of the usual parents of cruelty, fear and ignorance. Many of them, no doubt, supported re-construction under the impression that they were conferring substantial benefits upon the whites, as well as the negroes here."

"They, like ourselves, are of the Anglo-Saxon race and not naturally cruel or vindictive," said Goodwyn. "There have been many evidences of a desire to be generous to us after our defeat. I own, I believe generosity to be a more characteristic trait of the typical Yankee than the meanness we have been apt to impute to him."

“We find that a mixture of those seemingly opposite traits is often found in human character,” said Colonel Langdon, “and I rather think it not altogether unjust to impute them to the Yankee in general. But he ought to be given the benefit of your theory that there exists a double ideal of national character, and that the nobler one represents a people more truly, however the baser side of their nature has been brought into undue prominence by the action of a bad government, and therefore is the one that has presented itself in their dealing with the South. Now, to this nobler ideal, we must accord the virtues of perseverance, generosity—if not magnanimity—the genius for organization to which we have referred,—which has its moral bearing—energy and thrift—in which three last the Northern people contrast so favourably with ours.”

“Whether the pressure of the times will develop the first of the three or not,” said Godwyn, “the result has already been that indolence and thriftlessness can scarcely be regarded any longer as characterizing the South.”

“Well, for us, if we are not assimilating to the Northern people in all respects under the system of misrule they have inaugurated!” said Colonel Langdon, “I would regard the increase

of wealth, which must accrue from such an assimilation, to be a miserable compensation for the loss of the better qualities which have hitherto distinguished us from them,—foremost among which, I place truthfulness—I do not mean only in political affairs, but in the conduct of life.”

“A remark was lately made to me which I thought very shrewd,” said Godwyn: “‘It is no wonder the negroes and Yankees get along so well together; for they are exactly alike in two things,—they are the two most conceited races under the sun, and they have no regard for the truth.’”

“I can tell you two anecdotes curiously in point,” said Colonel Langdon, “both of which are true. The president of a Southern College once met, while travelling before the war, the president of a Northern one, with whom he discussed matters relating to college discipline; finally the Northern gentleman said that the thing which of course gave all persons in his position most trouble,—in comparison with which all other questions were trifling,—was how to deal with untruth, and asked how his new acquaintance treated cases of lying. He expressed great amazement at hearing that the subject had never even come up for considera-

tion, as a case had never occurred in the experience of his Southern friend."

"That is also true of the South Carolina College," said Godwyn. "I heard it stated that there never had been an instance of a student's being detected in a falsehood. I believe the fact is mentioned in Dr. Thornwell's Discourse on Truth."

"Another thing I fear from contact with the people of the North," said Godwyn, "is that our people should learn their intense appreciation of money and respect for wealth. In New York life, riches seemed the only recognized distinction between men. I visited, among my mother's old friends, several persons who were highly cultivated,—but everywhere I found the same tone, and I could only feel thankful for having been brought out of that atmosphere while I was yet a little child."

"You were not then carried away with admiration for the mode of life in New York," said Colonel Langdon,—“like my son-in-law who came here, after a visit there, last year, confessing that everything at the South appeared to him dull, mean and sordid in comparison?”

"On the contrary," said Godwyn, the "shams that pervade life—at least in New York and

Washington—where the false-fronted buildings are typical of the whole constitution of society—were more depressing to me than the bareness one meets in Southern homes. Poverty assumes a more distressing aspect in that climate, and I was, continually, and quite involuntarily, brought into contact with cases more pitiful than any I have ever encountered at home. On behalf of some of these, I made several personal appeals to charitable organizations, of the kind in which New York abounds. There was only one instance in which there was any disposition to even pay attention to the application. I found the only method of really assisting individuals was by giving directly—precisely as we do in the South—where we have none of that extensive and expensive machinery of charity. My experience may have been peculiarly unfortunate; but the result was that I have come to regard all their charitable organizations—like the imposing buildings connected with them—imposing in its bad sense—with profound distrust—almost with aversion. Much may be accomplished in the lightening of material distresses; but there was a hardness of manner—and apparently of heart—about those connected with them—even the women—that was especially

shocking to me, among the strange experiences I had of New York. It seemed as if things conspired to give me an insight into the 'seamy side' of Northern life, that all the hospitality which was shown to me could not counteract. I do not mean into the grosser aspects of vice—though these cannot be ignored by persons with any acuteness of perception—but into the tricks and dishonesty of business life. It is true, my chief experiences, in this connection, were with the callings of manufacturers and publishers—for I had occasion to look into them in my capacity of inventor as well as of writer—but I have no reason to suppose other businesses were conducted on higher principles. Understand—I do not mean petty dishonesty; it seemed as if they compounded, by minute exactness in little matters, for ignoring the principles of right dealing."

"As to your experience with publishers," said Colonel Langdon, "since their whole business is founded on the piracy of British books, I can well believe that it is not conducted with a regard to honesty; but, though the commercial character of their society may work together with the tendency of absolute democratic governments to foster corruption,—may not your view of things at the North have been coloured

by the condition of your health, last winter? You had, I believe, only lately recovered—when you went Northward—from a severe illness, and your physical condition may have affected your impressions of things in general.”

“It may be so,” said Godwyn, “and yet I was in that stage of recovery when the mind, regaining its tone, is apt to take a cheerful view, and I found something stimulating and exhilarating about the atmosphere, at first. There was much that amused and interested me; I was delighted with the scenery in the country, and the charm of early associations hung around the aspects of the cities, while the mode of life—even the hurry—seemed natural and familiar. It was only gradually that I was repelled by a closer insight into things. Still—even at the outset—I was, no doubt, in a curiously sensitive physical condition. Doctors have told me that mine is a highly nervous organization and there may be some connection between that fact and a strange impression I have occasionally found myself liable to—I cannot call it a delusion, for I am perfectly aware of the non-existence of what I am conscious of perceiving at such times—of seeing—quite as distinctly as the real objects around me—another set, wholly different,—and as in-

dependent of the will—so far as I am conscious—as the impressions produced on the senses by actual material realities. It is as if I saw other images through the real objects, which, in comparison, appear shadowy and indistinct—though I am perfectly conscious of their reality—just as one sees two pictures in a dissolving view. I could relate two instances of the kind which happened shortly after my arrival at the North.”

“It must be something like the Scottish gift of second sight,” said Colonel Langdon. “There are some curious mental phenomena connected with certain temperaments. I do not know that it is well to attach too much importance to them. But I should like to hear you describe what you saw.”

“When I was standing on the steps of the Capitol at Washington, for the first time,” said Godwyn, “I suddenly saw, in this manner, the whole of it, lying in a dazzling mass of ruins, while it was impressed on my mind that what I saw was a prevision of the aspect that, at some future time, would be presented by the remains of that building. This lasted but a few moments, and never recurred, though I revisited the Capitol several times. I had an exactly similar experience, only of a more appall-

ing character, of being suddenly surrounded by a mass of ruins, stretching on all sides as far as the eye could reach, when, not long after, I was walking down Fifth Avenue in New York. This time, the appearance did not vanish quickly as the other had done, but continued nearly the whole length of my walk, from 38th to 8th street, though I determined to treat it as a mere trick of the imagination, and walked steadily on, trying to divert my mind from it. In spite of myself, I could not get rid of a profound conviction that I was looking into the future; I felt, too, an intense sadness and a desire that it might be possible to avert the calamity I foresaw, even by my own death. I have tried since, in vain, to argue myself out of an impression that I was, on these two occasions, the subject of prophetic visions, like those recorded of old." *

"Did the second experience ever recur?"

"Never."

"Both impressions may have been merely physical in their origin, owing to the state of your system."

"I really would be glad to feel that they

*Godwyn's impressions of Northern life, and these peculiar experiences, were those of the writer, under the circumstances related.

were," said Godwyn; but, even granting that they are not,—as I have said to myself in reasoning upon them,—why should I consider that coming desolation as more appalling than many other things connected with human life in our time, which the mind is not formed to contemplate steadily? Or than the conception of a final judgment? I have since dwelt less upon these things than perhaps I was intended to,—and I have related them merely—as an illustration of the attitude of mind I have been led to hold in regard to the Northern people. I feel no envy, on behalf of the South, for their prosperity, but only a profound melancholy, when I seriously reflect upon the whole structure of their much-boasted civilization. We have been the victims of their false conceptions of the nature of free government; but 'they know not what they did,' and I think the South may say to the North 'Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above.' At times I am not without hope that—if the Southern people can but rise to meet the divine opportunity—it will be granted to them, in the future, to ward off from the North the evils I see impending over it. I found this hope on no present appearance, of possibilities, but from confidence in the Su-

preme Disposer of Events, who—I am persuaded—affords to those who meet His will, such sublime opportunities, in due time.”

“A beautiful hope, a beautiful faith!” said Colonel Langdon. “Oh that it may be justified!”

Presently he said in a different tone: “It is a difficult thing sometimes to judge ourselves, or to say in what light the troubles that come upon us ought to be regarded. We may look upon ourselves as having atoned by kind treatment of the slaves for the horrors of the slave-trade, and maintain that the abuses of our system of slavery were grossly exaggerated and were not more flagrant than those to which all human relations have proved liable; but we may nevertheless be being held to account for them.”

“It seems to me,” said Godwyn, “that it would be fair to consider the present condition of affairs as permitted, in order to punish such things, if it was traceable, in the way of natural consequence, to the workings of the institution of slavery, instead of being, as it is, entirely the result of outside interference with our State constitutions, forcing the two races into political antagonism.”

“It is true,” said Colonel Langdon, “that

our chief troubles are the evils that absolute Democratic forms of government must produce everywhere, complicated by the existence of two races upon our soil; and not ourselves, but the Northern people are primarily responsible for whatever, either now or hereafter, are the unfortunate results of universal suffrage at the South."

"I cannot bring myself to believe," said Godwyn, "that we are being justly punished for injurious treatment of the negroes, nor do I think any candid mind, conversant with the facts, can believe it, when the status of that race, when they were freed, is compared with that in which we received them, and with that of the Africans. No; there is such a thing as sacrificial sufferings—such are the sufferings of martyrs, which are not to be regarded as the expiation of their former faults, but as the crown of their testimony to the truth. Knowing ourselves not to be to blame for the present aspect of affairs, having done all we knew to avert it, I feel that we may rest in the thought that—as we are told that suffering is a high vocation—it may be that the South is—for some mysterious, high reason—called to it, as to a sacrament."

"It may be. It may be," said Colonel Lang-

don, in a tone that conveyed, "How thankfully would I acquiesce in the situation, if I could be assured of that!"

CHAPTER X.

"License they mean, when they cry Liberty!

For who loves that, must first be wise and good."

One of the regulations of Goethe's imaginary brotherhood was, that the members, during the years of their apprenticeship, should never remain more than three days with any set of surroundings, or any person. Jarno—the impersonation of cold intellectuality—is made to give the reason of this. Educated men, he in effect, says, soon explain themselves to each other; one soon exhausts all of novelty that another's individuality can present, and, to avoid the terrible sensation of satiety, it is well to withdraw from each other's society before its charm has departed; nothing is endless, but inanity—a dreary sentence, truly indicating the vacuum in which scepticism finally lands the human soul.

But the acceptance of a positive belief is—in

proportion to its strength—a sure remedy against the deadly ennui with himself and others which attacks the sceptic; and the effort to define, reconcile and apply the articles of a creed, held to by each, affords a continually fresh common interest for minds of even the highest cast.

Colonel Langdon and Godwyn never reached the point of feeling that they had exhausted the subject upon which their discussions have been recorded; when they left off talking, there was always more to be said. Yet, when Godwyn afterwards recalled their conversations, there was but one connected one, besides those already recorded, which remained clearly in his recollection, stamped there, perhaps, by its being the last that occurred.

It took place when he had been nearly five weeks at the Chalet, and grew—like the conversation related in the last chapter—out of one of the afternoon readings, which the study of Milton's Latin and Italian poems, as well as his prose writings, still engaged.

Colonel Langdon had been praising the nobleness of his style. "Turn from him to anything in poetry, except Hamlet, and what a falling off in grandeur of moral tone you presently become conscious of!"

“Not Wordsworth, Papa!” said Isabel.

“She never likes me to praise Milton,” observed her father, avoiding a direct reply. “Those reflections upon women of poor old Agonistes will still keep rankling. She cannot pardon the advice to man to assert his

“Despotic power,
O’er his female, in due awe,
Nor from that right, to bate one hour,
Smile she or lour.”

“And, after all,” added Colonel Langdon, with a sudden turn of humor, “he did deserve a crack on his old round head ‘for that same.’”

“There is something in them of the hankering after an opportunity to play the tyrant, which was at the bottom of much of the puritan prating about liberty,” said Goodwyn.

“But the contempt he so often shows for women is not my only reason for not liking Milton,” said Isabel. “I think he is very irreverent.”

“The third book of *Paradise Lost* borders on profanity, to my mind,” said Godwyn.

“Take care of injustice,” said Colonel Langdon. “If Milton was sometimes betrayed into over-familiarity, in dealing with sacred subjects, we cannot suspect him of real disregard for

them. As for his iconoclasm, both in regard to kingship and the Church of England, as it existed in his day, there was a good deal of excuse for it."

"Yet the spirit of iconoclasm seems as much opposed to the genius of poetry as to that of Christianity," said Godwyn. "Are they not both conservative in their very essence?"

"Not more than they are liberal in their very essence in another aspect," said Colonel Langdon. "Christianity counsels submission to established governments, as the representatives of Divinity; but where the government is recognized as a constitutional one, the spirit of loyalty to law, may itself, lead men into armed resistance. Yet a war, begun in defence of certain rights, often ends, as in the civil war in England, and in our own, in the overthrow of others, equally sacred. The whole scheme of our government, like that of Great Britain, since 1688, rested upon the presumption of the right of the people to effect a revolution for themselves."

"I often wonder," said Godwyn, "how future historians upon the Northern side, will reconcile the theory which declared that the same number of States, in which the sentiment was nothing like as unanimous, had a right to

change their government in 1776, with that which declares that the South had no right to do it in 1860."

"They never can be reconciled," said Colonel Langdon. "But the right to secede was not according to our theory a revolutionary right. Indeed, though, as I have said, the whole scheme of the United States Government originally rested upon the right of revolution, I have never been absolutely sure of its foundations. I believe, if I had lived in those days, I might have been a Tory, like a great-uncle, whom you and I have in common, who was one of the Royal Governors of South Carolina, and was—I have been told—buried in Westminster Abbey, with a laudatory inscription on account of his loyalty during the Revolutionary War—instead of siding with my own grandfather—your great-grandfather—who was a general in the Continental army. On the whole, I think that to set out with the intention of revolutionizing a government is not a justifiable action; though an attempt at reform may, upon the refusal of the opposing party, pass into a legitimate revolution. If the 'powers that be' are admitted as 'ordained,' a deliberate attempt to overthrow an established government cannot be permissible."

"The Northern people look upon secession as such an attempt," said Godwyn.

"Whereas the triumph of the abolitionists was a revolution of the government which had been accomplished before we attempted to withdraw from connection with the North," said Colonel Langdon. "To change the character of the Union was, from the first, the avowed design of that party, in which they have thoroughly succeeded. However, the authority of the Federal Government, as it now exists, is entirely established and recognized; and—though the present form of the Union is as unnatural as a forced marriage—nothing can be clearer than that it is our duty to submit to its laws."

"It is everywhere admitted," said Godwyn.

"Yet we have not, perhaps, sufficiently shown our disapproval of certain lawless organizations," said Colonel Langdon. "Many disgraceful actions have been committed by these Ku-Klux Clubs."

"The outrages are absurdly exaggerated in number and political importance," said Godwyn. "Much about them has been pure invention to make political capital at the North. I happened to read in a New York paper what professed to be an account of some occurrences

in the village where I have been residing—with the circumstances of which I am fully acquainted. I can only give an idea of the shock it gave me to peruse such a tissue of falsehood as these had been worked up into, by quoting Virgil's oft-repeated *Obstupui*, etc. The fact is that these misrepresentations are so malicious that every denunciation of the Ku-Klux from our people has been twisted into admissions of the worst charges made against our whole people; so that we are placed in a difficult position in regard to these organizations. The law-abiding portion of the community have—at present—nothing whatever to do with the administration of law, and could only check these outrages by counter organizations, equally lawless.”

“The present State governments are too inherently weak to cope with the lawless element which was so beautifully held in check under our former constitutions,” said Colonel Landon; “but, however little fitted these governments are to command respect, there can be no question as to its being our duty to uphold them in maintaining order and in any effort to restrain these disturbances.”

“They would be upheld in such an effort by all decent people—indeed, there would not be

any serious resistance," said Godwyn. "But those in authority in our State will not be apt to make any effort of a determined character in any direction—they lack the moral stamina. Then they are too busy plundering the State to have time for other things; besides, the sympathy of the North is excited by their tales of persecutions endured by the negroes—and that sympathy is their great dependence for being able to maintain themselves in power, so they rather desire that some colour should be given for their false reports of our people."

"Meanwhile patience is our wisdom," said Colonel Langdon. "In reviewing the duties of the hour, it may be well to consider the principles which should govern our conduct in relation to unworthy persons who hold office either under the State or Federal departments of government. I know no writer who has so accurately defined the civil duties in general as Bishop Butler, in the discourse to which we referred in our first discussion of these topics. His remarks are particularly applicable to the point we are now considering—perhaps you will find the passages and read them out. They cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind."

Godwyn accordingly found and read aloud the following passages :

“Civil liberty, the liberty of a community, is a severe and a restrained thing; implies in the notion of it authority, settled subordinations, subjections and obedience, and is altogether as much hurt by too little of this kind, as by too much of it. And the love of liberty, when it is indeed the love of liberty, which carries us to resist tyranny, will as much carry us to reverence authority and support it; for this most obvious reason, that one is as necessary to the very being of liberty as the other is destructive of it. And, therefore, the love of liberty, which does not produce this effect, the love of liberty which is not a real principle of dutiful behaviour towards authority, is as hypocritical as the religion which is not productive of a good life.”

“But government, as distinguished from mere power, free government, necessarily implies reverence in the subjects of it for authority, or power regulated by laws, and an habit of submission to the subordinations of civil life throughout its several ranks: nor is a people capable of liberty without somewhat of this kind. But it must be observed, and less surely cannot be observed, that reverence and submission will at best be very precarious, if it be not founded on a sense of authority being God’s ordinance, and the subordinations in life a providential appointment of things.”

“Since men cannot live out of society, nor in it without government, government is plainly a divine appointment; and, consequently, submission to it a most evident duty of the law of nature.”

“Now if we really are under any obligations of duty to magistrates at all, honour and respect in our behaviour towards them must be their due. And they

who refuse to pay them this small and easy regard, who *despise dominion and speak evil of dignities*, should seriously ask themselves what restrains them from any other instance of undutifulness? And if it be principle, why not from this? Indeed, free government supposes that the conduct of affairs may be enquired into, and spoken of, with freedom. But be it done as it will, it is a very different thing from libelling and endeavouring to vilify the persons of such as are in authority. It will be hard to find an instance in which a serious man could calmly satisfy himself in doing this. It is in no case necessary, and in every case of a pernicious tendency."

"I have been struck lately," said Godwyn, after he had finished these extracts, "with the curious resemblance of Calhoun's style to Butler's. In both, there is a grave, simple directness that conveys the intense conviction on the part of the writers of the truth of what they are setting forth."

"Calhoun was profoundly in earnest in all things," said Colonel Langdon, "and it is not possible to any one who knew him to imagine his imitating any style; but his mode of thought may have been coloured by the Analogy. He studied it continually. I do not know whether he was acquainted with these discourses."

"How wonderfully forcible his Essay on Government is!" said Godwyn. "Every state-

ment seems to me to carry conviction, so that it would appear impossible for it either to be controverted or misunderstood."

"And yet Calhoun has been very little understood," said Colonel Langdon. "To present the man and his ideas as they should be presented, would be a noble literary task. By the way, you could set yourself at nothing which—if successful—would be so useful as such a work, to the outside world, as well as to the South. In his writings, suggestions are to be found which would assist those now labouring at the problems presented by governmental affairs everywhere."

"If ever the opportunity for such a work is given me," said Godwyn, "I pledge myself to do my best. But do you know, sir, you have very much shaken my confidence in my own ability to effect anything?"

"How so?"

"Because, as we have talked, I have perceived that the field of thought in which I supposed myself a pioneer, was already familiar to you."

"It is true, I had discussed these subjects before," said Colonel Langdon, smiling at the young man's ingenuousness, "but you have succeeded—against my expectation—in pre-

senting them to me under new aspects. Let me say to you, in all seriousness, that I feel I owe to you no little thanks for having helped to clear for me a new avenue to hope. I had not thought it possible for a ray to fall on the gloom that involved the political outlook, but your theory does seem to bring this department of human affairs within the province of those two heavenly allies, faith and hope."

As Colonel Langdon said this, in a tone of deep earnestness, Isabel turned upon Godwyn a bright affectionate look, as innocently confiding as that of a child, conveying her delight at her father's acknowledgment. The moment stood out strongly in his memory ever afterwards,—the more so, perhaps, because it presented a vivid contrast with that other occasion, on which she had turned away, in tears, at the close of that first conversation upon these topics.

It was indeed a triumph for him. During these discussions he had sometimes been conscious of mortification at finding arguments which he had been in the habit of considering conclusive, treated as if they by no means decided the question in hand. He had felt the review of his positions beneficial to his own mind; in defining them for another, much had

been shaped into consistent form which had been but vaguely outlined before; he really understood his own position more clearly in consequence. And now came the hour when it was admitted by a clear-headed critic to have stood the test of his scrutiny. It had been given to him—as to Hopeful in the old allegory—to aid a maturer spirit than his own in its struggle with despair.

But there was yet a sweeter triumph for him in this moment,—he felt a sudden conviction that it would have been impossible for Isabel to have bestowed such a look as she had just given him, upon any man, unless she loved him; nor could he ever recall that glance, during the doubts and discouragement of after experiences, without a returning sense of elation and assurance.

“I cannot tell you, sir, what it is to me—” he began, in answer to Colonel Langdon, and broke off, in one of his attacks of stammering.

“If he could get rid of that difficulty, he would have the making of an orator in him!” thought Colonel Langdon.

And yet that stammer was not without an insinuating attractiveness of its own, and was one of the means by which, unconsciously to herself, Godwyn had been winding himself into

Isabel's heart. To her, as to all true-hearted Southern women, a much worse blemish would have seemed no blemish, if she found in it a proof of devotion to the "lost cause"; and this defect might even be felt to plead eloquently in behalf of her lover when the time came for him to tell his tale—a time nearer at hand than either of them guessed.

Godwyn's sentence never was finished, for John Langdon entered the room, just then, holding in his hand a package of letters and papers which had just been brought from A——. The first letter opened, contained the news that the situation as college librarian had been secured for Godwyn, and closed with a request that he would lose no time in entering upon the duties of the office.

John Langdon, as it happened, had already made arrangements for going to A—— with his waggon on the day after the next. It, of course, suggested itself that Godwyn might accompany him,—though much regret was expressed at the necessity for this early departure. The reader, who may remember that Godwyn had resolved to put his fate to the touch upon receipt of this intelligence, can easily imagine that the approach to this crisis excited him greatly. It was difficult for him to fix his at-

tention on anything else; and he was silent and *distract* the rest of the evening.

His little pet, Una, gave way to a burst of tears when she heard of his impending departure. After tea, when all were gathered, as usual, around the fire-place in the hall, she was not to be lured from her place on his knee, while she remained unusually quiet, and only one or two remarks, which it was afterwards sweet to him to remember—for he had contracted a deep affection for the child—showed that she was dwelling in her thoughts upon things connected with him.

“What is *Nepenthe*, Alfred?” she suddenly said—as it appeared to most of them—à propos of nothing, but causing him to direct a quick glance at Isabel, who immediately cast down her eyes with a blush.

“You know the story in the *Fairy Queen*?” he replied vaguely.

“Yes,” said she: “about the two sets of brothers who fought till only one on each side was left alive, and then they gave them *Nepenthe* to drink, to make them friends. But what does *Nepenthe* mean?”

“It may mean different things,” said Godwyn,—then, observing that Colonel Langdon was listening to what was passing between him—

self and the child, he said to him: "That is a beautiful part of the allegory, sir, is it not? Nepenthe, the drink of the gods—that is the divine way of looking at things—enabling men to over-live their old hatreds and sorrows?"

"A high conception!" said Colonel Langdon. "I could wish it might be granted to the North and the South to drink of it."

"It may be that it can be partaken of by a few in behalf of the rest," said Godwyn.

"If so, I would greatly desire to be permitted to be one of those few," said Colonel Langdon. "Do you know that I feel as if you had, during these weeks, been holding that cup to my lips?"

The young man's heart was full that night as he thought of all these things. Hope was high in him, and the prospect of congenial work was sufficiently pleasant to make him, feel that the winter would soon be got through. He had already promised to return the following summer, to pass the vacation at the Chalet; and in bright imaginings of what might then be brought to pass, he could forget the intervening space.

He planned his winter's work. He would now be free to devote much time to the tasks

to which he had consecrated himself. Might his success in rekindling the spark of hope in the heart of this lonely sage and hero, who had been suffered to go without light for a time in more senses than one, be a pledge of what he might accomplish later for the country! What might he not have the heart to undertake, if he could succeed in winning that lovely creature to share his life? Then he resolved that she should be won.

But there was much to be gone through before this was to be fulfilled.

How far apart seemed his thoughts during that night from those of the afternoon! The excitement attendant upon the revelation of a passionate first love, from calm reflections upon duties owed to opponents in politics! Yet the higher moods of the mind are not really inharmonious; and afterwards he often felt that it was well for him that all his earliest associations with his love were so involved with the remembrance of the subject upon which he had conversed with the blind man, that he could never disengage them from each other in his thoughts,—hope, faith and love—for his state were intertwined in his heart with their counterparts in his individual life.

CHAPTER XI.

“For Love himself takes part against himself
To warn us off, and Duty, loved of Love—
O, this world's curse—beloved but hated—came
Like Death betwixt thy dear embrace and mine.”

[*LOVE AND DUTY.*—TENNYSON.]

Godwyn carefully settled the plan of his operations upon the morning of the following day. The peculiarly close relations between Isabel and her father, as well as the old-fashioned ideas of etiquette in which the young man had been trained, demanded that a special deference should be paid to Colonel Langdon in this matter; but his infirmity made the talk of explanation seem no easy one, when, a little after breakfast, when no one else but Mrs. Langdon happened to be in the room, Godwyn preferred his request to speak to Colonel Langdon for a little while in the library, where the blind man immediately went with him.

Mrs. Langdon was not without suspicions as to the subject of their conference; nor was she allowed to remain long in uncertainty about it. She overheard Godwyn leaving the library, after a not very lengthy interview, and, a little

after, her father called her to him. Upon her joining him, he informed her—in the manner of a person disclosing what is expected to cause great surprise—of Godwyn's having asked his consent to pay his addresses to Isabel.

"Johnny and I have suspected that he was thinking of it, for some time," she said.

"Indeed! Well, after all, I suppose it is but the natural consequence of the situation. But I declare to you, I should as soon have thought of his undertaking to write sonnets to Amy's eyebrow as to her's! This is what comes of having to keep one's eyes shut, perforce. But what do you think? Has she any fancy for him?"

She replied that she was not sure Isabel cared for him, much surprised at her father's cheerfulness which she had not penetration enough to discover was forced. Her thoroughly womanly temperament would have been ready to lend itself in sympathy to almost any love affair; but she was almost as dependent upon Isabel as her father, and the idea of her marriage came like a shock, it would be the uprooting of the chief pillar of the household.

"How old do you say she is, twenty?"—asked her father, while she was becoming more and more distressed at the contemplation of the possibility which she had not actually realized

before, though, as she had said, it had been discussed with her privately by her brother—"old enough to know her own mind, then!"

"She generally does," said Annie, "She has a great deal of sense."

"She will not show a want of it, if she accepts him. I think him a fine-tempered man, quite suited to make a woman happy, though he is not very well off."

"Would you wish her to marry him, Papa?"

"You appear, from your tone, to be thinking it would be a very distressing thing. My child, marriage, except for the two concerned, is not an affair that an affectionate family can feel very joyful over. Of course, it will be hard to part with her—in such cases there are always sacrifices to be made; but not more than we ought to be willing to make for her happiness."

Colonel Langdon was not unaware of what his share of the sacrifices must be; but he really thought the engagement would be for Isabel's happiness, and knew that it would be more easily brought about if he could manage to have himself kept entirely out of sight of the matter. He knew that the view his eldest daughter would take, might be largely influenced by his manner on this occasion, and it did have its effect.

“We ought not to be selfish,” she said, as if she was beginning to entertain the possibility of the marriage—from which, with women of her stamp, the transition is sometimes rapid to becoming desirous of a match they had begun by opposing.

“It is strange,—if anything comes of it, that is,—to think of his mother’s having taken such a fancy to Isabel’s picture long ago,” said she presently. “Only think,—they would be her own initials that are on it.”

“As if there had been something drawing her feeling towards the child, poor soul!” said Colonel Langdon. “Godwyn will like hearing of that. We must tell him of it. By the way, it is just as well that he applied to me in time to prevent my giving the children holiday, in consideration of its being the last day of his visit, as I had thought of doing,—if I had they would have dogged his footsteps the whole day, and that might not have been very convenient. Now, they will be free from them for a few hours, at least.” And he made his way to the pinery, where his little scholars had been for the last quarter of an hour awaiting him. It was evident that he had fully made up his mind that Isabel would accept the offer about to be made to her.

Mrs. Langdon had not quite reached that point yet, and her manner was a little colder than it need have been, when, going into the hall again, she found Godwyn there with Isabel, and he eagerly appealed to her to persuade her sister to take a walk with him. It was his last day, he pleaded.

"You know, Annie, I have some work to do with you for the little boys," said Isabel, a little confusedly.

Mrs. Langdon, of course, declared that any time would do as well. Godwyn must have perceived that she did so with constraint; for, while Isabel, who had no further excuse to offer, had gone for her hat, he stepped up to her and—in a half whisper, and his most persuasive stammer—hoped "she was not very angry with him." She could not help replying kindly, and presently found herself relating the history of the locket to him. Her heart was wholly melted when she found that the young man actually had tears in his eyes, as he thanked her for telling him of this—again in that broken stammer—would it be possible that Isabel would have strength to resist its power?

"He is a very affectionate person," she thought, after she had presently seen the two fairly off together. "She would certainly be

happy with him—we will have to make up our minds to losing her.”

Isabel had appeared perfectly at her ease on her return to the hall. He need not have meant anything particular by merely asking her to go to walk, she had said to herself. The Lodge, to which he had proposed walking, was a pretty stone cottage, the most picturesquely situated of the unoccupied houses in the settlement—what more natural than that he should wish to see it again? And if Amy and Una had not been at their lessons, no doubt he might have proposed their going with him. She would not be silly.

“I am glad you chose to go to the Lodge,” she said.

“I thought you seemed particularly fond of the place,” he said. It had, in fact, been the point towards which the whole family had walked together, at Isabel’s suggestion, on a certain Sunday afternoon lately. On that occasion, struck with her feeling for it, he had, in his thoughts, gone so far as to make a sort of vow to himself that he would hereafter make the place his own, if she could be brought to consent to make a home for him there, and he had found, on enquiring of John Langdon, that it could be bought now for a mere song,

quite within his reach. It was with some vague idea of telling her this, that he had proposed this direction for their walk.

"It is like a second home to me," she said. "You see, Major Lee, to whom it used to belong,—an old bachelor friend of papa's—made a pet of me, when I was a child. I used to be continually running over there. I know all the tables and chairs in the house, and have a sort of personal feeling for them, just as I have for those at the Chalet."

This speech might have been made into an opening for what he had to say; but he had not yet fully collected his powers. Isabel began talking of her old friend, relating anecdotes, which, at another time, he would have found entertaining, but now hardly attended to. His answers became short and his tones full of suppressed earnestness. Isabel was becoming strangely fluttered; but some instinct made her avoid letting the conversation drop. At last he mentioned his wish that he could buy the Lodge.

"That would be nice," she said. "Then we would always have you for a neighbour,—in the summers at least; for I suppose you would hardly care to pass the winters here. It would be so pleasant for Papa. I have been

thinking how he will miss these talks with you."

"And you? Will you miss me at all?"

"Oh! I?—That does not matter," she said, almost under her breath. "But papa,—before you came, there was no one that he could really converse with. Johnny, you know, does not care for the same sort of things—I mean to talk about them. And he always has to talk *down* to me. All I know is really learnt from him, and I can only echo his own thoughts. It is only since you came—that is, it is only lately—that I seem to have learnt that there can be two ways of thinking about a subject. It would make me much more of a companion if I thought for myself; and, after you are gone, I mean to try and develop a little individuality of thought. But I know I cannot take your place. Your visit has done a great deal for him."

"And for me!" exclaimed Godwyn. "Do you know what it has been? It is more than I can ever tell,—but a little like being the Red Cross Knight, healing from his wounds in the House of Charity."

"Papa says the poets are knights of these days."

"Let me be your knight."

She looked at him for a moment with a little of Una's archness.

"Johnny would say we were getting into the heroics," she said with a soft little laugh,—perhaps to cover shyness.

Her habitual manner being graver than is usual, Godwyn had never actually heard her laugh before. The sound had an intoxicating sort of effect upon him; the intensity of the admiration he felt, carried him out of himself, and he felt the power for which he had been waiting, to control his defective speech; for—far from counting, as he might have done, upon its attractiveness—he had had a nervous dread beforehand, of his stammering propensity, and had therefore thought over and prepared the words he wished to use in declaring himself.

"Listen to me now," he said.

She looked at him and encountered the sort of gaze which had, once or twice before, made her blush. She blushed now, and her laughter died away.

"Here we are at the gate of the Lodge," she said, hurriedly. "Shall we go in?"

"Stay here a little," he said, "till you have heard what I brought you out to tell you."

Then, as she stood still, with her hand on

the latch of the gate, he began his tale in almost the words he had prepared—very simple ones—giving an account of the dream he had had upon the night of his arrival, in which she had taken up the strain his mother had dropped; to which he added that, from time to time, he had felt that—if his life was ever to be set to music again—it must be by her hand. Afterwards, in recalling it all, Isabel thought no woman could ever have been wooed more sweetly; but, at the moment, she scarcely seemed to take in what he said.

“So now you know,” he concluded, “what I brought you out to hear.”

“If I had thought you meant it,” she said, in an agitated tone, “I would not have come. Indeed, I never dreamed you would tell me such a thing so—so suddenly.”

“How could I have left without an answer from you?” he said—“only one word! But don’t tell me it is not to be the one I wish!”

“It cannot be,” said she, speaking more collectedly. “You must forget that you ever told me this, as I mean to forget it.”

“You have not had time to think! I have taken you by surprise.”

“Yes; you have taken me by surprise. And yet—I will not hide it from you—I have

thought once or twice, and last night I thought it again, that some of these days you would say something like this to me—and I made up my mind that it could not be as you wish.”

It was evident that she thoroughly meant what she said. At the first moment, no thought of resisting her decision occurred to him. He turned quite pale, but said not a word, aloud. Inwardly he was saying to himself, “I must bear it like a man.”

He was conscious too—as people sometimes are in moments of intense mental trouble—that all things around him, the aspect of the cottage, the neglected rose-bushes in which it was half-hidden, the pattern of the gate which Isabel had opened, had stamped themselves in his brain forever.

“I—I think we will not go in,” Isabel suddenly said, turning around in the direction of the Chalet, and shutting the gate.

In his over-wrought mood, he had a sort of feeling that the action was symbolical,—it was the gate of Paradise that was being shut—a Paradise she had refused to enter with him. However, as she walked away, it swung open again. It might be folly to accept it as an omen, but hope returned to him at that moment. Her voice, he reflected, had been un-

steady in that last sentence,—in an instant, he was by her side in the homeward path she had taken.

“You say it cannot be as I wish,” he said. “Is it that you cannot care for me?”

She made no answer.

“If you do not now, yet some day you may,” he said; “I can wait for that. Will you not say that I may?”

Still she made no answer, and he began to perceive, though her face was hidden under her large round hat, that she was shedding tears. Just at this instant, in a turn of the path, they suddenly encountered John Langdon, so that it was impossible to avoid him, as he, not knowing anything of what had been going on, exclaimed: “Oh! here you are, Godwyn! I was just looking for you to propose going after some pheasants that have been drumming on the mountain this morning.”

“Please don’t follow me. I cannot talk any more just now,” Isabel found voice enough to say, in an undertone to Godwyn, and then passed quickly on towards the Chalet, keeping her face from her brother, who—perceiving something out of the way—made no attempt to stop her.

Godwyn could not follow her against her

wishes, and was thus left alone with John Langdon.

"Well, do you care to go after the pheasants?" said the latter, presently, in a manner that showed he meant to ignore anything singular in the rencontre.

"I may as well tell you, Johnny, what has happened. Your sister has just refused an offer from me."

"What! Why, I declare I had thought,"—and he checked himself.

"You had thought I had some chance with her?" said Godwyn, eagerly. "What made you think so?"

"Well, I hardly know. Little indefinite things made me fancy she liked you."

John Langdon was a shrewd observer in many things, as Godwyn knew. This opinion was, therefore, an encouragement to him, to believe that Isabel might be induced to change her decision. He soon succeeded in persuading himself that the close of the interview had left her answer still indefinite. The next step was to induce Johnny to persuade Isabel to grant him another hearing. It was agreed between them, without much difficulty, that Godwyn should wait where he was, while his friend was sent on this mission to the house, where he was delayed some time.

Finding that Isabel had betaken herself to her own room, her brother followed her to the door, and, after a little delay, during which she had gotten rid of the traces of the tears, the thought of which had been such encouragement to Godwyn, she let Johnny in. He told her Godwyn would not take her answer as final.

"Then," said she, "you must make him understand that I cannot change. I would rather not see him again."

He argued quite earnestly on his friend's behalf, waxing almost eloquent in his praises, telling her she did not know what she was doing in refusing a man like that.

"It is not merely that he is clever," he said. "He is the very best fellow that I have ever met. I learned to know what he was in prison. There is not another man I know whom I could compare with him."

"I know it,"—and she suddenly burst into tears; whereby he was convinced that his suspicions that she returned Godwyn's affection, were correct.

"But what use is it to speak of what he is?" she cried. "I cannot alter what I said, not even,—no, not even if it was to break my heart. But it will not do that. It would be the giving

up Papa, that would really break it; for I love him best,—indeed, Johnny, I do. I did not know it would be so hard when I made up my mind, last night, that I must choose between them; but that does not alter the right and the wrong. If I let myself be persuaded into leaving Papa, I could never be happy. It would kill me, I believe, to think of it afterwards.”

“But my father would not wish to stand in the way.”

“Oh, he must not know anything about this!”

“He knows already. Godwyn told me he had spoken to him this morning.”

Johnny agreed, however, that, if she persisted in her rejection of Godwyn, Colonel Langdon should not be made aware that the thought of him had influenced her decision. The thought of it would be sure to make him unhappy, unless his authority prevailed to prevent Isabel's making the sacrifice; and her earnestness convinced her brother that either she would not yield, even to her father himself, or that it would not be for her happiness eventually, if she did yield. At any rate, there must be a most painful contest of feeling, if he were permitted to know the truth; and it soon appeared clear to John Langdon that this would

only cause useless pain, and had better be avoided. Afterwards it seemed as if the course chosen to spare his father, had resulted in a more unhappy manner to Colonel Langdon himself, than the alternative could have done.

"What! She will not see me again?" said Godwyn, when John Langdon at last returned, his grave looks indicating that the result of his mission had not been favorable to his wishes.

"Yes; if you insist upon it. I told her I thought she owed you as much as that," replied Langdon. "But, my dear fellow, I have come to think myself it would be better for you to let it alone. I think she won't change what she has said; and, I must tell you, I begin to see she was right. My father could never get on without her. I did not, at first, sufficiently consider him in the matter."

"Is that her only reason for having nothing to say to me? You must tell me, Johnny."

"Well! There,—I think it is. I did not mean to tell you—but I can't bear to see you so cut up."

Godwyn begged him to go back and tell Isabel that he had not dreamed of her being separated from her father.

"You mean he might live with you?" said Langdon, doubtfully. "It is a kind thought

on your part, Godwyn ; but I don't think that arrangement would answer. I don't think any of us could consent to it, even if my father would himself. Perhaps it is best to talk plainly. It is just possible that, if he thought Isabel's happiness depended on her marrying you, and she would not do it, if it separated her from him, my father might allow himself to live with you—which would amount to living upon you ; but it would be a false position for him, and I, for one, could not bear to have it even proposed to him ”

Godwyn's face showed that he felt deeply hurt by these words.

“ There ! I have vexed you with my plainness,” said Langdon. “ I did not mean it the least in the world. But even if you were a rich man—”

Godwyn began to demonstrate that, as the times went, he was rather better off than most young men. He had not had quite enough income of his own to live upon, still what he had, added to the librarian's salary, would be more than most people married on, now-a-days. Also, there were remnants of his grandfather's property, which, although yielding no returns since the war, he had been assured, might be expected to do so again.

“But, I was saying that, even if you were a rich man, it would make no difference in my objecting to letting my father become a burden on you,” said Langdon. “See how it is: you would never consent to such an arrangement in my place.”

“I do not see why not,” said Godwyn. “It appears to me a sort of thing which would be felt to be natural or painful, entirely according to the feelings existing between those who were about to form a new connection. I have no other ties, and I do not believe the feeling I already have for your father differs much from that of a son,—there is more of reverence in it, I will confess to you, than I have ever felt for my own father. Why should I not be allowed the full rights, if I have the feelings of a son?”

“It might be all very well that a son-in-law should take the place of a son, if there were no real son in the case,” said Langdon. “But while I lived, I could never feel it right that any one else should undertake the support of my father.”

“Surely it would be for him to decide if he were willing to live with another of his children.”

“Well,—you will have to lay the proposition

before him yourself, if you can get Isabel to consent to it; for I could not bring myself to mention it to him. But I am sure that she will see the matter in the same light that I do."

"You promised I was to see her again."

"If you insist, yes; I will arrange for that this afternoon."

"And you will tell her now what I have said?"

"Yes—but I tell you it will make no difference."

"But you won't tell her you are opposed to my proposal that your father should live with her? You might let her judge, Johnny, without biassing her against it."

"Now, old fellow, you are asking too much. The more I consider, the more I object to that arrangement,—and I shall have to tell her so."

Godwyn felt that his taking this ground would make his own task of bringing Isabel to look upon the matter in what he considered the right light, very much more difficult. They argued the point a long time, without either changing his opinion in the least. Each at heart acknowledged the fine feeling and manliness of the other. They were both men of fine temper, and a serious misunderstanding between them was not likely to be of long con-

tinuance; but Godwyn was high-strung, and to have his generous intentions rejected, angered him at last; he accused his friend of "pig-headedness," and—though that and one or two other hard expressions were apologized for—the interview was never very pleasant for either to remember.

Langdon went, afterwards, to tell Isabel of Godwyn's proposition in regard to his father, as he had promised; he also undertook to tell his father and elder sister that Isabel had agreed to give Godwyn another hearing, without further explanation. Godwyn felt that this was both kind and considerate, after what had passed, and tried to content himself with going over and over in his mind the arguments he meant to make use of with Isabel in the afternoon.

Colonel Langdon did not appear suspicious of Isabel's reasons for not accepting Godwyn's offer. He observed to his son that there was no accounting for women's taste in such matters; but he had always thought that freedom of choice should be as perfect as possible; that, after all, it might not have been prudent for them to have married at once, and long engagements were to be dreaded. Yet he express-

ed a wish to see her alone, just before the second interview with Godwyn, which, it had been arranged, should take place in the pinery after dinner,—John Langdon taking some pains to contrive that it should not be interrupted by the children, whom he lured off in search of chestnuts, to be presented as parting gifts to Godwyn.

“Little daughter”—when Isabel had come to him, Colonel Langdon said, in an exceedingly affectionate manner, with an attempt at playfulness—“I hope you understand that papa is very willing to spare you—good child as you have been—if you feel that ‘the right one’ has come along.”

“Yes, papa,—of course you are longing to get rid of me.” She had succeeded in making her tone as playful as his own, and his suspicions were lulled.

“My child, you know better than that. But are you sure you know your own mind? Have you not decided too hastily?”

“Papa, I have thought well over it. I could not make any answer than the one I made this morning. I am only going to repeat it. There is no use, really, in my seeing him again,—only Johnny thought it was better, to make him understand clearly that I meant what I said.”

He said no more, struck with the calm resolution indicated by her tone. This crisis had developed the force of character hidden in this gentle and womanly nature, unformed in some respects, but trained in habits of self-abnegation.

Her manner afterwards with Godwyn was far more collected than it had been in the morning. On the other hand, he was much bolder; her very calmness incited him to do his utmost to force at least some recognition that he had power with her. He ventured on impassioned pleadings and even reproaches for her cold-heartedness; at last, seeing her eyes fill with tears at this, he suddenly caught her in his arms.

"You do love me!" he cried, and kissed her more than once; but, seeing her pale and trembling, let her go and entreated pardon.

"You had no right," she said, flushing and paling.

"Forgive it. If you had even once said you did not care for me, I would not have dared," said he. "Say it now, and I will trouble you no more."

But though she would not deny, she could not be brought to acknowledge that she loved him. He could gain nothing more than "It

cannot be as you wish," repeated in various forms. He had not even an opportunity of approaching the subject of his arguments with Johnny, until at last she said, "I will never give any one claims over me above papa."

"Johnny told you what I said?"

"Yes; but it cannot be. Now I must go. Indeed, there is no use for me to talk with you longer"—and she rose.

"How if he no longer needed you?—if he were to gain his eyesight again?"

"Then—I cannot tell."

"Then I will never give you up."

He caught her hand and kissed it—she drew it away and was leaving without a word.

"Ah, you are angry,—but don't go without forgiving me."

"No,—I am not angry. But there must be no more said," she replied, with a certain dignity, and left him.

He saw there was nothing for him, at present, but to submit. He was almost sure of her love; and there was almost as much elation as dejection in his mood as he remained, walking about the pinery alone, until it was quite dark, and, at last, the four children came racing out to call him in to tea and display the bags of chestnuts they had gathered for him.

He could not but be pleased with the affection they showed him, hanging around him in ceaseless chatter until their bed-time, and then going off with promises of being up in time to see him off in the morning,—for he was to start by sunrise with John Langdon. The elders of the family made every effort to soften the repulse he had sustained. He was reminded of his promise to visit the Chalet, next summer, and both Colonel Langdon and his eldest daughter engaged to correspond with him during the winter.

The two sisters retired on this occasion a little before the gentlemen. Mrs. Langdon had expressed her intention of coming down to give the travelers their breakfast in the morning, but as she said goodnight to Godwyn—perhaps in order that her sister might follow her example without awkwardness—she offered him her hand; afterwards, when Isabel's rested for a moment in his, without a word being said on either side, he felt that this was to be their parting.

Half an hour later, when taking formal leave of Colonel Langdon, he tried to give expression to his thanks for all the kindness he had received, but ended in a hopeless fit of stammering, which was only silenced by Colonel Lang-

don's saying: "Never mind, I think I know all that you would say. God bless you, my son,"—words that could not but soften his hurt feelings.

CHAPTER XII.

"From the dark chambers of dejection freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, ———, rise; the gales of youth shall bear
Thy genius forward like a winged steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
Yet a high guerdon waits on minds that dare,
If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight,
Which heavenward they direct. Then droop not thou,
Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low dell 'mid Roslyn's fading grove,
A cheerful life is what the muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight."

[WORDSWORTH.]

If children—as they are brought up now-a-days—often place their elders in awkward situations by *inapropos* speeches, there are many times, also, when their presence saves from awkwardness,—and the side-lights thrown on the tragedy of human affairs by this little comic sub-chorus, with its entirely independent

circle of thought, with its dullness of observation on certain points, its keenness on others, help much to brighten life and lighten the load "that must be carried on, and fairly may." Its presence was felt to be specially opportune at the early breakfast on the morning of Godwyn's departure from the Chalet, which might otherwise have been but a *mauvais quart d'heure* for him, as well as for John Langdon and his elder sister; since it was difficult for them at this time, to keep up a conversation without trenching on topics that had better be avoided. Engrossed in the discussion of the important matter of the choice which Godwyn had offered them of the gifts he was to send them from A——, the children hardly allowed room for the exchange of remarks on other subjects.

Una, having chosen the dog, Belphebe, as her gift, and being unaware that she was to come in for another—the mystery of the nature of which might have afforded an agreeable diversion for her thoughts—was less lively than the other children, and, indeed, quite in a "weepy" mood, as she declared her intention of writing to Godwyn every day; but she was not too much cast down to be ready with a reply when her brother told her Godwyn would think her a cry-baby:—

"I don't care! Isabel is one, too, then; she cried, last night, when she thought I was asleep, and I am sure it was because Alfred was going."

No doubt, it was some consolation to Godwyn for not seeing her again, to hear this. Una could not feel that she was despised for crying, when he bent down tenderly to her sweet little face, as it was lifted for a parting kiss.

"There are some things I want to say which I thought of last night, in reference to what we discussed yesterday," he said to John Langdon, after they were fairly off on their journey together.

"Don't you think we had better not talk about all that any more?"

"Perhaps it is no use, just now. The chief thing I wished to tell you was that, for the present, I have made up my mind to wait. Yesterday I had not time enough to bring you all over to my way of thinking; but you will see that I shall be able to persuade her—and you, also—into looking at things very differently, next summer, when I come back to make me a willow cabin at her gate—that is, to take possession of the Lodge, which I quite see my way now to buying. Now, let us talk about something else."

After this, his spirits seemed, during the rest of the journey, rather above than under their ordinary pitch, and not at all in keeping with the *role* of rejected lover; though, now and then, a word or two would betray the soreness of heart he was trying to conceal. He talked even brilliantly.

“It reminded me of what he used to be in college days,” said John Langdon, afterwards. “The fellows used to say he could talk in blank verse; that is one of the reasons they used to call him Shakespeare.”

He continued in the same vein until they parted from each other, the next day, at A——.

The Langdons had very pleasant letters from him, giving accounts of his arrival at the college. There, he soon found the mode of life thoroughly congenial to his tastes. The duties of his office were by no means laborious, and furnished him with an intellectual recreation more wholesome than that of books, by bringing him into contact with the professors and more intelligent class of students. Thus the foundations of several friendships, valuable to him in after life, were laid,—though this is not the time or the place for the reader to be introduced to the circle of which he now became a part.

The recognition accorded to his talents acted as a stimulus to his powers, producing a sort of mental exhilaration which was sometimes paid for by fits of despondency. Happily, nature had provided the outlet of poetical expression for the relief of his sensitive temperament. It may well be doubted if the dictum of Wordsworth as to poets beginning their youth in gladness, is true. It rather seems as if a cloud of sadness helped towards the development of a poetic nature. We are told that the theory upheld by a late poet is, that poetry is the result of the effort of an overcharged spirit after relief, which no other form of expression is found adequate for; though, no doubt, the composition of verse is a source of delight as well as a means of relief; there is, at times, a joy in the spontaneous gush of song.

Certainly Godwyn's muse was more fruitful at this time than at any former period, and he would occasionally feel himself thrill with the thought: I, also, am a poet. For the most part, however, he felt doubtful of his own claim to be more than a mere versifier; yet, having once fairly settled it in his own mind, that doubts on the point of the rank he might claim, whether among the truly original poets who develop new conceptions of beauty and

new capacities of language—to whom many hold that the term poet ought to be confined—or to that lower order of poets who merely give rythmical expression to the impressions produced on their consciousness, ought not to deter him from giving to the ideas that possessed his soul, the sort of expression they seemed to demand, he gave free rein to his muse. He was always impressed with the truth of his ideas, whether they entered his brain directly from the source of creative energy, or mediately by reflection, or he would not have cared to set them forth in a worthy shape.

No doubt the occupation helped him to retain a healthy tone of mind. But he was one in whom the affections were too strong for him easily to bear their remaining in an unsatisfied state. Sometimes he thought that that taste of home-life he had had at the Chalet had done him harm—that the kind of longing he felt for a return of it, showed that it had weakened him.

The receipt of letters from the Langdons marked his white days through the winter; and, though Una by no means fulfilled her promise, they were fairly frequent. His correspondence with Colonel Langdon was very

much taken up with the class of subjects upon which they had been wont to converse; but Mrs. Langdon's and Una's letters—as may be supposed—were of a different character. To the latter, Godwyn did not hesitate to write, in return, long letters, sometimes containing instalments of fairy tales, the composition of which often afforded himself amusement. To Mrs. Langdon he wrote minute details of his surroundings and descriptions of his new acquaintances, given in a style that surprised as much as it entertained the family; for he had given little indication at the Chalet of taste for such clever gossipry. “But he is a curiously many-sided fellow,” was Colonel Langdon's remark upon the unfolding of this new trait of his character. Annie, who, in truth, was not fond of letter writing, was always urged by the rest to reply to these epistles, which were too good for her to keep to herself. But sometimes his letters, when he would venture on the subject of his hopes in reference to Isabel, were not such as could be handed around, and this, as Mrs. Langdon would inform him in her replies, used to give rise to no little grumbling in the family conclave. It was long before she would make any more direct allusions in her answers, to such parts of Godwyn's letters as re-

ferred to Isabel; but, at length, she became less guarded, and it was evident she had become a strong ally of his.

An extract from one of her letters, which were without pretensions to cleverness, yet, in a style that, to an affectionate friend, was full of interest, may serve to give an idea of the flow of life at the Chalet during the winter:

“We are a little uneasy about Papa’s health lately; he seems not quite as strong as he was last summer; but one can hardly tell—he never complains. His spirits are really brighter, and sometimes I think it is only a fancy of ours that his health is not as good as usual. You should have heard him last night, playing ‘What is my Thought like,’ and ‘Twenty Questions,’ with the children—as merry as they were. He plays chess against all four of them together, letting them agree on a move. Of course, they are no match for him. Isabel is scarcely that, in spite of the advantage she has over him of being able to see the board.

I think she and Papa find more to say to each other than they used to. Sometimes it is as hard to get them to leave off talking at a reasonable hour, at night, as it used to be to manœuvre you and him apart. I heard Papa say to Johnny, the other day, that she seemed to have caught the trick of arguing from a certain person who, he hoped, might never live to repent having taught her the art—of course, this was only a joke, and I ought not to have told you.”

Joke or not, it gave untold pleasure to Godwyn to find them evidently considering his

marriage with Isabel quite a possibility of the future. She was, of course, never alluded to in her father's letters, since she always acted as his amanuensis—a fact sufficient to render them doubly interesting to her lover.

A part of one of Colonel Langdon's letters, peculiarly treasured afterwards by Godwyn, ran thus:

“The more I reflect upon that part of your theory in regard to the constitution of bodies politic, which relates to the existence in them, corresponding to the faculty of conscience in individuals, of a continuous order of personages divinely endowed with special capabilities for the moral guidance of the whole people, the more inclined do I feel to assent to it.

“In the account in the book of Judges, of the first divinely appointed government of the Israelites, an almost autocratic power was lodged in the hands of just such a recognized class; and it would seem as if the refusal of the nation to be guided by the legitimate successors of that order—that is, by its prophets, not its kings, who rather represent the will, or deciding power, in the personality of that nation—was the key to the subsequent history of the Jewish race.

“Lately, during hours of wakefulness at nights, accompanied by a rather abnormal activity of the brain, to which I have become subject—perhaps a result of my infirmity, which makes the nights seem less unnatural and trying to me than the day—such things have seemed to become very clear to me. In reflecting upon the history of South Carolina, more particularly, I now seem able to identify many whom I conceive to have belong-

ed in their day, to this responsible class. A descendant of some of these individuals, may be that some portion of the spirit that animated those forefathers of yours has rested upon you—if so, I confess I fear that your life will be rather a sad one.

“ You have ‘fallen upon evil days,’ and can hardly fail to have to endure much of misapprehension, misrepresentation and of seeming failure to effect anything by your protests against the spirit of the times in which your lot has been cast. I, who have tasted somewhat of the bitterness of that woe denounced upon ‘them that are discouraged,’ ‘have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not,’ in the ordeal. You know not what may depend—if there is any truth in your own theory—upon the victory of your individual faith, what final advantages may accrue, even to your whole State, by your holding firmly to your principles. God grant to you, and to such as you, still deeper spiritual insight into his ways with men and nations!”

CHAPTER XIII.

“ Be not amazed at life. 'Tis still
The mode of God, with His elect,
Their hopes exactly to fulfill
In ways and times they least expect.”

[COVENTRY PATMORE.]

Godwyn kept up a brisk correspondence with the inmates of the Chalet during the whole winter after his visit to the Sechoolah Valley; but in the spring there was a sudden cessation

of answers to his letters. This had lasted six weeks, and was troubling him very much, when there at last arrived a letter, directed by the hand of John Langdon, who was not one of his usual correspondents. His feeling of alarm at the circumstance was justified by the contents of the letter—the utterly unexpected announcement of the death of Colonel Langdon.

The letter was brief. Johnny said the event had taken place three weeks before the date of his writing. The attack that preceded it had seemed like paralysis. Colonel Langdon had rallied occasionally, during the week his illness had lasted, but had been mostly in a state of stupor. They had hoped he suffered very little, as he never showed signs of being in pain. Several times, when conscious, he had alluded to Godwyn—what he had said, Johnny did not mention, only making the comment, “he had come to be very fond of you.” Annie had said, at first, that she would write “all about it” to Godwyn; and Johnny had imagined that she had done so, or he would, he said, have written before; but it seemed that she had deferred the painful task from day to day. She now sent a message that he must excuse the neglect,—she had found it very hard to write letters. The letter closed

with a hope that Godwyn would still pay them his promised visit in the vacation of the college.

Godwyn hastily resolved to go immediately to the Chalet. He managed in a few hours to complete an arrangement for putting a substitute in his place during his absence. It only occurred to him after he had actually set off on the journey, to wonder if the Langdons might not think his appearance at such a time uncalled for, though they might be too well-bred to show it. Could he expect them to understand the impulse that made him feel one with them in this family sorrow? Would they consider his deep attachment to them all as an excuse for what might seem like uncalled-for forwardness in him? His action might seem prompted by an unseemly haste to press his suit with Isabel. He knew in his soul that, under the bewilderment of the sudden shock of this news, he had not thought of anything resulting to himself; an irresistible impulse had drawn him to the valley, to help them under this crushing sorrow, and continued to draw him, in spite of the doubts of the wisdom of his action, which perplexed him during the remainder of the journey.

The third morning after the receipt of John Langdon's letter, found him setting off on horse-

back from A—— for the last seventeen miles of his journey.

With his mind full of grief, anxiety and impatience, he sometimes urged his steed forward unreasonably, and again relaxed his reins, in the most careless manner, while he rehearsed in imagination the scenes towards which he was hastening. Distracted as his thoughts were, he could not long be unconscious of the fresh vivid life of the young season or insensible to the signs of awakening nature that surrounded him.

He felt as if there might be a mysterious correspondence between this point in his own life and the scene through which he was passing. His past existence had been hard, and bare enough, in some respects, to justify its comparison to a wintry season. Did he now, at last, stand upon the verge of a long-deferred spring-time? Was life suddenly about to flush forth for him into blossom and beauty?

By times, a glimpse of distant mountains would bring solemn thoughts of infinity and eternity. A deep religious feeling possessed his soul. He would blame himself for forgetting, in romantic dreams, the spiritual side of human life and human love. If so be that the highest form of happiness which earthly relationships

can bestow, was about to fall to his lot, he resolved that the riches of that possession must not be wasted in mere selfish delights, they must flow abroad to brighten other lives. The young green buds on the trees made his thoughts revert to the analogy he believed to exist between the vital forces of the principles of truth, and the energies of physical forms of life which revive in the spring-time. The aspirations of one generation, thought he, revive in another; the seeds of the hope of nations pass down the ages, embodied in the lives of individuals.

He remembered his argument with Colonel Langdon. If it were true, indeed, that the chief end of national events was the development of individual character, it could not, he felt, be considered an unworthy consummation, that such a character as his had been evolved by the working of late events. Was it solely to test that character that such an accumulation of troubles could have been heaped upon the close of a virtuous life? But if it were true that "no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," it could not be that the spiritual result of the noble patience the blind hero had maintained to the last, could be altogether lost. There came over Godwyn a sense of exultation

in the completeness of the victory of the spirit which had sustained his old friend through all, and therewith a humbling recognition of the comparative worthlessness of a successful love, which had seemed to him, a little before, the highest thing to be attained in life.

He remembered his own little allegory, in which the cup of the Nepenthe of earthly love had been held to the lips of the hero. Yes, there is, thought he, a diviner Nepenthe,—“herein is the patience and faith of the saints.” The outcome of these reflections was the following little rhapsody:

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

“Art thou the crown of life, O Love,
 Art thou the crown of life?”
 Who loves not seems to stand apart,—
 Why should he care to live and move?
 The rich possession of the heart,
 The sacred love ’twixt man and wife,
 The highest joy of human life,
 Say,—is not this the crown?
 Nay; ’tis but so
 In seeming show.
 Who loves not, true, he stands apart,
 Love is the opening of the heart,
 The depths of joy and grief to prove,
 ’Tis Death that sets the seal to Love,

The parting of the breath,
It is the laying down
Of all the restless pain.
Called loving, the eternal calm to gain.
Thou art the crown of life, O Death!
O Death, thou art life's crown!

No, no! Death ends the strife
Of this our mortal life;
Yet neither Love nor Death I call
The crown of all.
These are the crowned lives—whether rich
Or poor in love—the end of which
Is freedom, light and virtue gained.
The crown of life is Faith attained.

It was a little before noon when Godwyn reached the entrance of the Sechoolah Valley.

Just at the point in the road where, at his first arrival, John Langdon had pointed out the little chapel, he suddenly encountered his dog, Belphebe, who, instantly recognizing him, indulged in extravagant demonstrations of joy at the meeting.

It occurred to him that one of the family from the Chalet might be at the chapel; for it seemed unlikely that Belphebe had strayed there alone. Recollecting also that there was a bridle-path from the chapel, much shortening the way to the Chalet, he turned in from the road to investigate the little grave-yard before going further.

Godwyn well remembered the only occasion on which he had previously entered this enclosure, one afternoon, in company with the children, who had been the constant attendants of his rambles in the valley. They had proposed showing him "our Confederate graves"—so designating those of two soldiers, one of whom had been a poor man belonging to the valley, who had come home, during the war, to die of wounds received in Virginia, and had had a stone put up to his memory by some of the gentlemen who had resided there. The other had been a Texan, a paroled prisoner, who had died while making his way on foot to his far-off home, just after the war closed. "So," little Una had told him, "as all our money then was not worth anything, and we could not buy a grave-stone, Isabel got Johnny to make a wooden cross for his grave, and planted some violets and a white rose there, herself." He had plucked one of the late roses that had lingered then on that bush, quoting to himself as he did so Timrod's lines:

"Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated Valour lies
By mourning Beauty crowned."

All this Godwyn recalled as he fastened his horse outside of the enclosure, and followed the dog, whose manifest disposition to precede him confirmed his suspicions that some one was within,—never had Isabel's image presented itself to him in a more tender and beautiful light.

A black-robed figure started up from a new-made grave at his approach. Yes! it was Isabel, herself; but she was fearfully pale, and her eyes had dark rings around them. She looked at him as if she was uncertain if she was not in a dream.

"I knew,—that is I thought, you would come," she said. Her eyes were wistfully appealing, like a child's. The next moment she was in a rain of tears in his arms.

The terms upon which they were to stand were taken for granted. He ventured upon the most endearing expressions in his attempts to soothe, and while there was no response, there was entire recognition of his right to do so. Very little more than such things passed between them on this occasion.

Paroxysms of tears recurred upon every attempt Isabel made to talk. She seemed at last exhausted with weeping. Godwyn became alarmed and suggested her going home. He

proposed lifting her upon his horse and leading it by the bridle, and it was in this style they at last reached the Chalet together.

Godwyn's reception by the rest of the family was all that he could have wished. The truth was, Mrs. Langdon and John had very much wished that he might come, though not liking to suggest it, hardly supposing it possible, but thinking that his presence might move Isabel out of a phase of grief, which had made them very uneasy upon her account. They had been anxious about her, even before the date of Johnny's letter to Godwyn. It had seemed unnatural that, while talking freely of her father, and that in a most affecting strain, she had not, up to that time, been seen to shed one tear over his death.

The day after his writing to Godwyn, her brother had mentioned the fact of his having done so before her, rather as an experiment, to see the effect of the mention of his name, for both he and Annie thought that anything which might break this unnatural calmness would be good for her. She seemed unaffected at the time, but, a little after, she was found weeping violently. In telling Godwyn of this, long after, she said it was not the thought of his love for herself, that had overpowered her,

but of the peculiar affection with which her father had regarded him. This recollection had first softened her heart out of a strange stony indifference to everything. In the reaction, she became nervously susceptible; for days there hardly seemed any cessation to her tears, except during sleep. She seemed to wish nothing but to be let alone, and, finding it quieted her more than anything else, they had yielded to her desire, and the day of Godwyn's arrival, she had thus found her way, alone, to the church-yard.

“When I saw you, I knew that you had been the one thing I wanted,” she confessed, long after; “but before that, I did not know it. I seemed to care for nothing.”

Each day of the ten Godwyn, at this time, passed at the Chalet, brought her to a more natural tone. An exacting lover might have been dissatisfied at her continued absorption in her grief; but he was contented to feel that his presence was a comfort to her, and to look forward to the time when her affection to one who would stand in even a dearer relation might come to equal her devotion to her father. Her life had been so bound up in his that in his death she too seemed to undergo a sort of death, and had to be re-awakened, as it were,

to life through the development of that other love which had fortunately found entrance into her heart before this grief had come upon her.

On only one occasion, did Godwyn press upon her the question of plans for the future.

"It shall be as you like,—as Papa wished," she said, and broke down, weeping, without further explanation.

On repeating this to her sister, Godwyn was deeply touched at learning that the expression of a hope that Isabel would yet become his wife, had been one of those last conscious utterances of Colonel Langdon, to which his son had referred in his letter.

In the confidences of the conversation which ensued, Godwyn heard that, after his leaving them in the autumn, Isabel's continued depression had made it evident to her father that she had made a sacrifice of feeling in rejecting her lover. Colonel Langdon had, without her ever becoming aware of it, insisted on an explanation from her brother and sister. He had appeared much affected on becoming aware of the truth, blaming them for keeping him in ignorance at the time; but, on the whole, the matter had seemed to disturb him less than they had feared it would. To Isabel he had never alluded to the subject, and

she was never told of what he had discovered ; for Godwyn knew that it would distress her, and did not inform her, even when he had an opening, through her telling him of some peculiar expressions of blessing and affectionateness her father had used to her, not long before his death, which seemed to bear reference to her conduct in refusing Godwyn, when she added : “ One would have thought he knew that I had cared for you.”

Besides an increase of tenderness, her father had bestowed on her, during the whole of that winter, more of his real confidence than he had ever done before, treating her more as an equal. She had soon recovered from her loss of spirits after Godwyn’s departure, and, during the last months of Colonel Langdon’s life, there had been a much truer companionship between the two than either had dreamed of before. In Isabel’s memory ever after, there seemed a halo of unearthliness around the happiness of those days, when she had been dwelling with him, as it were, apart, upon spiritual heights to which she could never have attained alone, living, it seemed, in the reflection of the brightness which was shed over his victorious spirit just before it entered upon its final rest.

They could recall many things that had

taken place before his attack, which—not understood in that way at the time—now were seen to show that he had looked forward with great longing to the death which he had felt was not far off. Yet there was one sad word of his for them to remember: During his illness, in an interval of consciousness, he repeated Sarsfield's saying: "Oh that this blood were only shed for Ireland!" and then Lord Houghton's line: "Alas! we cannot even die for that we love the best!"

"Yet it may be," he had added, faintly and brokenly, "God will accept a life offered for my country in will, as if it had been a life offered in deed. But, however that may be, I am ready—aye, ready—to resign mine now, at the time of His appointment." And so death had found him.

The mode in which Isabel's grief had expressed itself might have been the natural reaction upon her having been, for months, lifted out of ordinary reaches of feeling in her intense sympathy with his exalted state. Had Godwyn, with all his claims, which love and duty to her father's last wishes now taught her to recognize, not reappeared at this juncture, she might have wasted away from the earth, love for her father having thus been the chief

passion of her life; but it was not so ordered. It was to be hers to taste the fullness—perhaps to prove the emptiness—of the highest earthly joys. Quickly she proved herself an apt scholar in the school of love; so that he who began by being her teacher, ended by having to learn many lessons from her in the delicate, higher branches of the art of loving.

At the close of the following summer, he took her away from the Chalet to beautify and complete his life, and to enjoy with him, for a few too short years, a strange happiness, such as, but for the hope that it is but the earnest of what death shall renew, can only be the fore-runner of a piteous desolation.

Silence assented when I answered thee,

Dear voice, now stilled for earth, that playful said:

“THE FUNERAL BAKED MEATS COLDLY FURNISHED
THE MARRIAGE TABLES FORTH.” This could not be
Well changed; for life, I thought, was never free

From hard conditions; new loves must be fed

At the old's expense,—though we rob not the dead
Learning to love the living perfectly.

Beloved voice! If I could hear thee still,

Would'st thou not witness that this is not so

In that high realm where all true loves ascend,
Whose harmonies thou helpest now to fill?

There to perfection all our loves shall grow,

Nor ever clash, nor fail to find their end.

THERE TO PERFECTION ALL OUR LOVES SHALL GROW,—

Not only those that to a single soul

Link us, but to our race as to a whole,

The higher, nobler loves that we may know

Even in this poor, bounded life below!

Thou who dost lead us towards an unknown goal,

Our wills to Thine, oh! teach us to control

And join all loves to that to Thee we owe!

Thou dost employ thine own in various stations

To stamp Thy purpose on this world of ours.

Grant them to type the life of Christ—though faintly—

And blend Thy Spirit with the lives of nations,

Till we begin to see the city saintly

Descending, bride-like, with her hundred towers!

END.

A HERO'S LAST DAYS,

OR

NEPENTHE.

Wm. 2^h

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SEQUENCE OF SONGS."

"Clarior e tenebris."

COPY RIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.

PUBLISHED BY

W. J. DUFFIE, COLUMBIA, SO. CA.

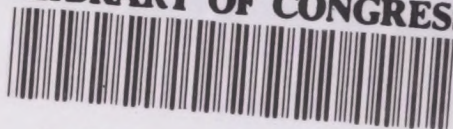
1883.

667 ◀■





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0001477032A